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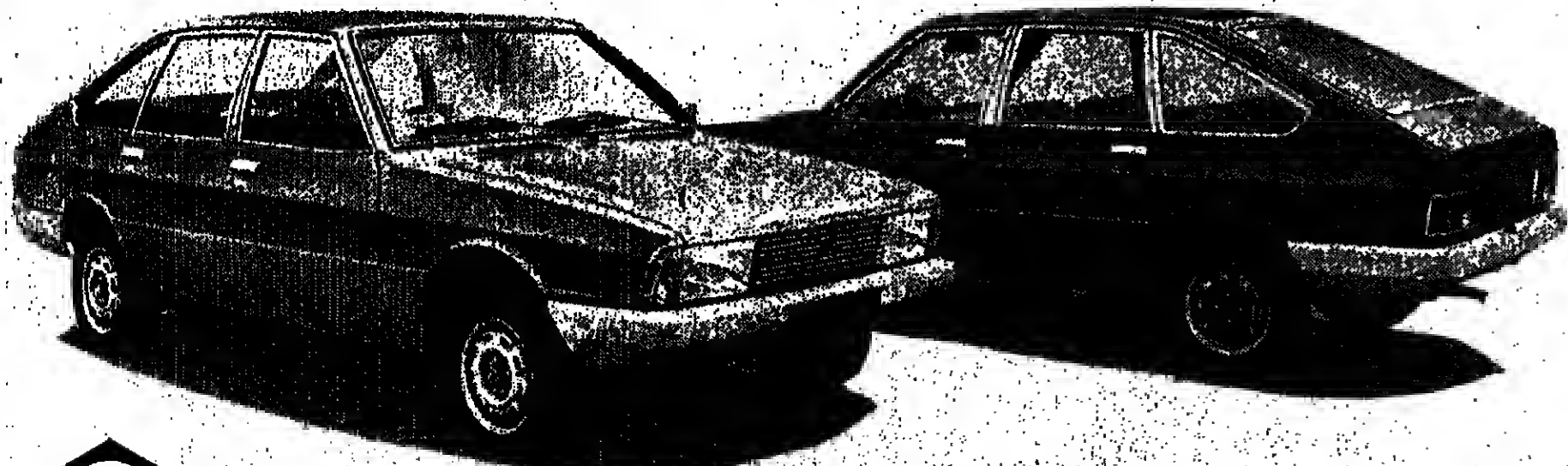
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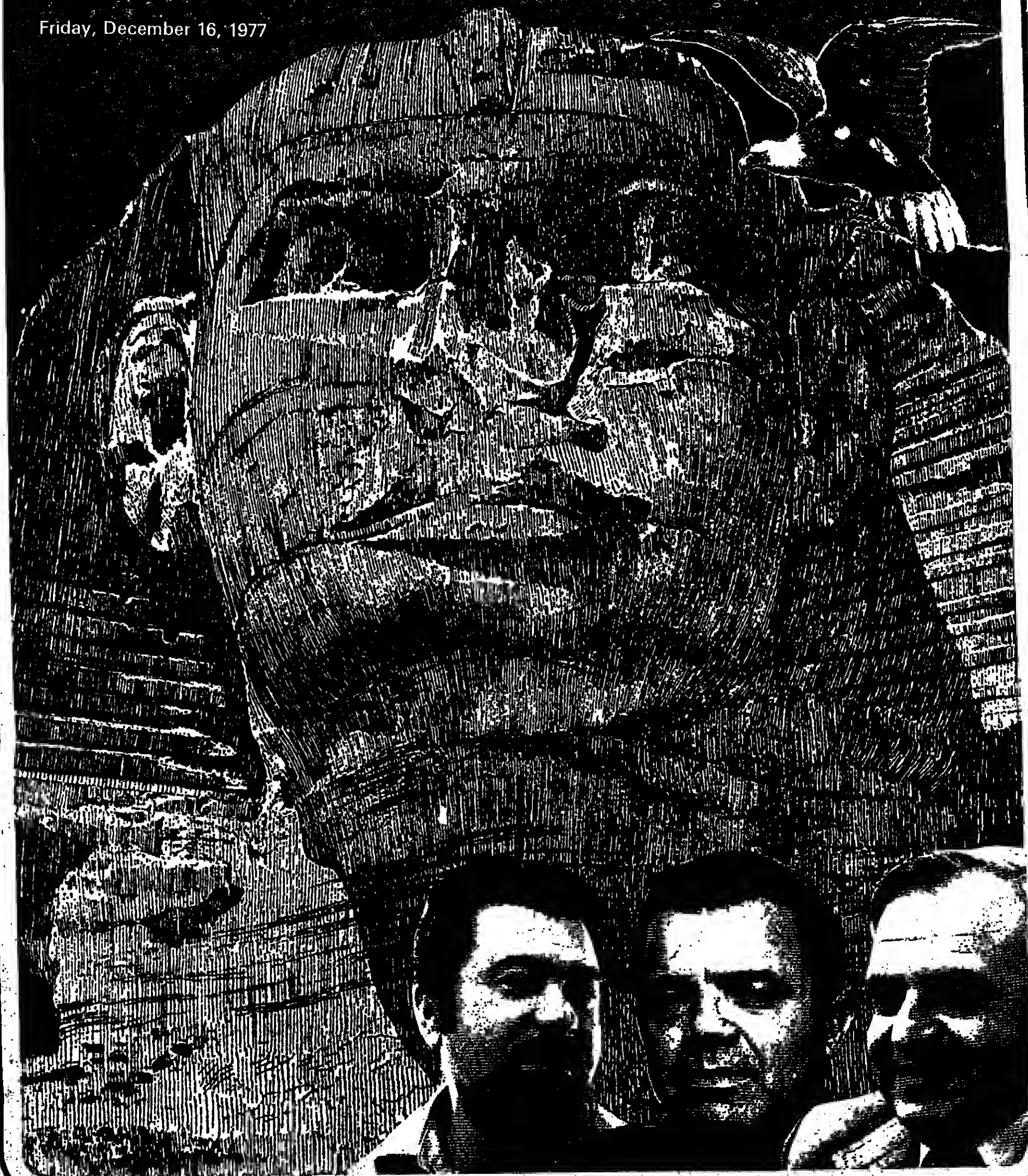
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, December 16, 1977

WHAT NEXT?



هكذا من الأصل

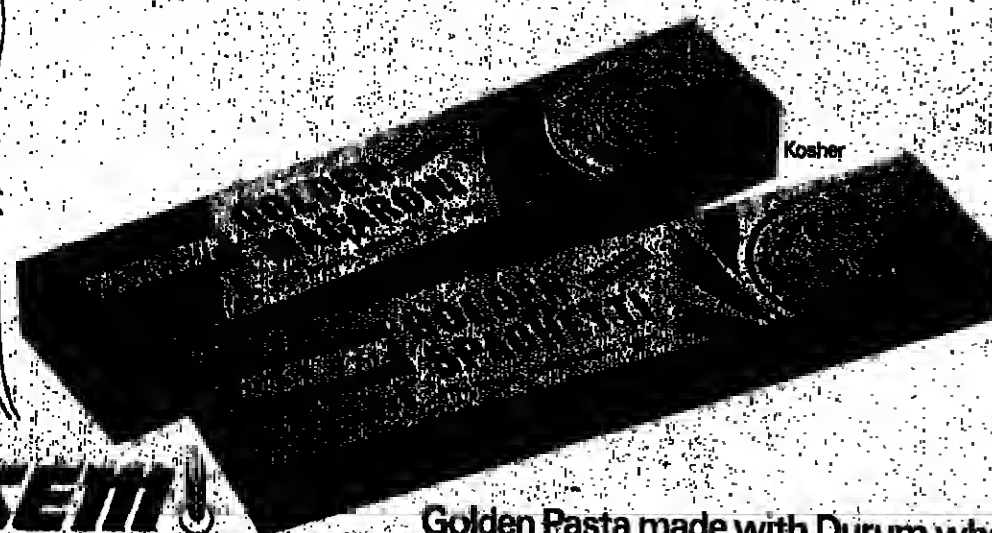
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Golden Pasta made with Durum wheat - the Italian way.

ARIEL

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Cover by Alex Berlyne.

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All South African and Rhodesian Tourists are cordially invited to attend a

reception

to mark the official opening of the

South African Zionist Federation and Tour Va'aleh Aliya Information Centre

On Thurs., December 22 from 7-9 p.m. at the Centre, 109 Hayarkon Street, Tel Aviv (Tel. 344768). The Aliya Information Centre is already functioning. Hours: Sun-Thurs.: 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. We look forward to welcoming you.

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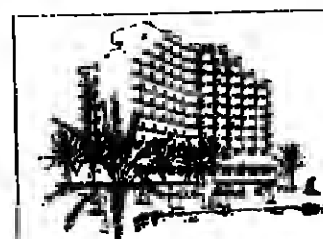
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Light refreshments will be served.

Something's Happening on the Shores of Kinneret

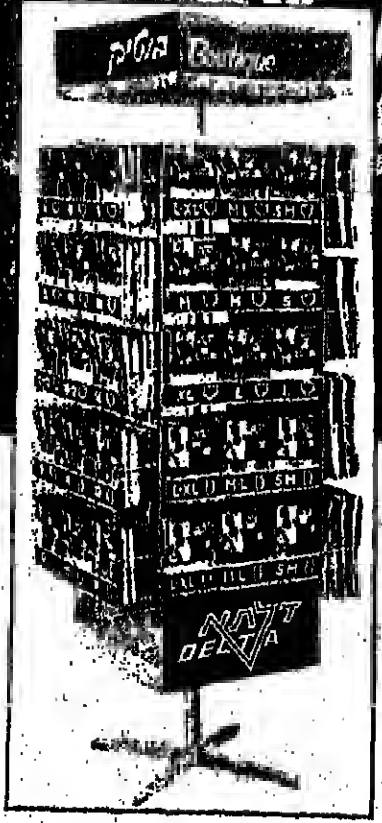


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HAGAI LEVENSOHN ATOLY

مركز من الأصل



RUMOURS AND SIDESHOWS

It's premature to see peace just around the corner, writes WOLF BLITZER (above) from Cairo, where frustrated journalists feel they've been sidetracked from the real action in Washington, and the Israeli visitors are now the big story.

WITH THE exception of some supposed intellectuals who propound "Progressive Socialism" as the cure for Egypt's massive economic problems, most Egyptians are following the trend and becoming more "Egyptian" and less "Arab."

This is apparent from the top — meaning from President Anwar Sadat — to the unbelievably poor peasants who fill the corridor of land stretching for only about 20 kms. on both sides of the Nile.

Opposition here to the Sadat peace initiative is not very vocal. The "leftists," who feel that the Egyptian leader gave away too much by opening this country's door to Israel, express their opposition only privately, in their homes or offices.

For them — unlike the Egyptian man in the street — the worn-out formulas of the past and the sterile language of hostility are not easily replaced. These "leftists," by the way, differ from their "capitalist" countrymen only in the number of servants at their homes; the "leftists" have two or three, while the rich upper class business leaders may have four.

A BRIEF VISIT to Egypt has a profound effect on anyone, particularly a reporter who finds many of his preconceptions erroneous. It is largely a question of scale — it is difficult to comprehend the extent of the poverty the crowding on Cairo's streets, the extraordinary bureaucracy without actually seeing it.

There are other impressions. The warmth and friendliness of Cairenes, who consider it an honour to go out of their way to help a stranger. It's easy to understand why Sadat's peace initiative is popular with these people. They are the ones here who have had to pay the highest price over the years. Their sons have been drafted to fight useless wars. Their economy has been strained in order to pay for huge quantities of arms. They want change. And Sadat is ready to offer it to them.

SADAT IS truly a "father figure" to the Egyptians. He allows his deputies to squabble over the details, but he alone makes the big decisions.

When Egypt shut down the consulates of five East European and Soviet countries earlier this month, the decision was made and executed just the way so many other things here are done. Sadat came up with the idea; he telephoned Vice President Houei Mubarak, and told him to instruct acting Foreign Minister Butrous Ghali to inform the foreign diplomats involved that they should start packing their bags.

There were no meetings here of the top governmental leadership, no advance memoranda on the decision. Only Sadat.

The same scenario is played out all the time here. The severing of diplomatic relations with the Arab states participating in the Tripoli conference was a carbon copy.

From all available evidence, Sadat has things firmly under control in Egypt. The only person who might be able to threaten his leadership is War Minister Abdel Ghani Gamasy — a professional military man who has no political ambitions, at least not now.

It is not so difficult to understand why there are now about 80 Israelis in Cairo. A few weeks ago, before Sadat's journey to Jerusalem, this seemed like the impossible dream. For the Israelis here now, it was about as likely that they would be in Egypt as it was that they might fly to the moon.

Yet Hebrew is being spoken in Cairo, Israeli passports are welcome here, and the times, as Bob Dylan once said, "are a-changin'."

Sadat has broken the barriers. Israel's blue and white Star of David is flying in front of the Mena House Hotel, where formal Israeli-Egypt negotiations began on Wednesday.

WITH PRIME Minister Begin's sudden trip to Washington, rumours of a pending breakthrough have swept the Mena House complex, which appropriately sits in the shadows of the pyramids.

Frustrated journalists, who have gathered here from around the world, believe they have somehow been tricked. The real action, it seems to them, is elsewhere; perhaps Washington today, Tangiers tomorrow, or who knows where else the next day.

It's premature — to say the least — to see peace just around the corner. It will take some time to conclude what Sadat and Begin have started. Egypt and Israel are moving on a course which seems more and more likely to snowball into something "big and dramatic," to use the words of Egyptian officials.

THE CAIRO-BASED community of American and other foreign "Arabists" are embarrassed. Their "expert" predictions have proved wrong. Their hope for "Arab unity" in the common struggle against Israel (especially that "fanatic" Begin) has faded. These "friends of the Arab world" have always been more anti-Israel than their Egyptian hosts, one Egyptian told me, perhaps indulging in some hyperbole. "Don't pay any attention to them," he said. "We don't."

Every Israeli who today walks the streets of Cairo or tours the countryside will have great stories to tell his friends and neighbours in the coming weeks. The presence here of 40 or 50 Israeli journalists will mean, in practical terms, that the Israeli press and media will be saturated with copy from Cairo. It looks like the novelty won't wear off very quickly.

In fact, the story is now becoming "the Israelis in Cairo." The first face-to-face exchanges with a once hostile Arab neighbour, the opening of borders, the establishment of what Israel has always wanted — "real peace" — at least from here, these things are much more than dreams. They seem almost within reach.

And this feeling appears to be a result of Sadat's calculations. Carefully, methodically, the Egyptian president is moving to court Israeli public opinion, much as he began courting American public opinion immediately after the Yom Kippur War.

Begin knows this, so does Foreign Minister Dayan. But they are undeniably impressed by Sadat's determination not to let the momentum ease, even a little.

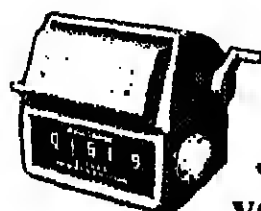
Sadat and his aides apparently believe that they can convince Israel to budge from once "unthinkable" positions on borders by wooing the Israeli public. He may be right.

But the Egyptian (and Arab) *quid pro quo* will not be enough to make Israel "think the unthinkable." The United States is going to have to come through with some things itself, much as Washington "delivered" during the negotiations that resulted in the September 1976 Sinai II agreement. That accord was accompanied by a U.S.-Israel memorandum of agreement which spelled out American assurances to Israel on the economic, diplomatic and military levels.

Is Begin in Washington today to discuss with President Carter the outlines of a new U.S.-Israel memorandum that would accompany a Sinai III agreement? That's what some informed sources here are saying, very convincingly. □

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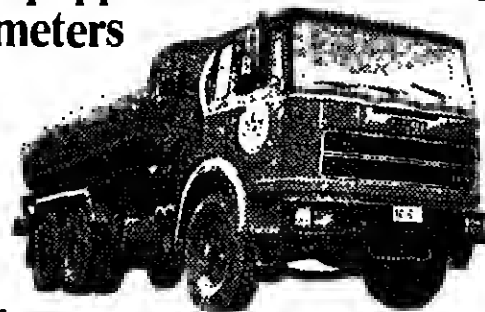
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"WHEN THEY CAME near to the blue salt lake, they heard a roaring noise made by the waters of the Canal, coming down from the Mediterranean through tunnels and rushing into the lake."

So wrote Theodor Herzl in *Altneuland* in 1902. As the century enters its last quarter, the subject is attracting attention once more.

Should we or should we not build that famous watercourse, as Herzl visualized it? He describes it graphically, running across the waist of the Jewish State until, poised above the Dead Sea, it turns into a tumbling cascade and rotates giant electric turbines — yielding (he estimates) 50,000 horsepower.

Can this seer's dream be made a reality?

Apparently it can. At long last, the time has come for action. Contacts are being sought by Finance Minister Simha Ehrlich on his trips abroad, to attract a possible foreign financial participation. The reason for this new urgency is one that Herzl never foresaw.

The Dead Sea is drying up. Its sources are being tapped for other purposes. As a matter of fact, Herzl himself predicted the exploitation of the life-giving fluid for agricultural use. "We take away as much water as we put in," he explained. "We pump fresh water from the sea up into reservoirs and utilize it for agriculture."

Well, it is being pumped right now — not from the sea, which is too salty, but from the Jordan River and its tributaries. For sometime, Israel has been deflecting a good part of the river into the National Water Carrier. The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan is today doing much the same with the Yarmuk River.

INEVITABLY, the Dead Sea has started to shrink. About 2,000 cu.m. evaporate from its surface every year. Only 600 cu.m. go back in, including the meagre replenishment offered, by occasional spells of winter rainfall.

As a consequence, the level of the sea is dropping. In Herzl's time it was, according to his text, 394m. below sea level. Now it is 400m. below, and subsiding at the rate of one foot, or 30 cm. per annum.

THE DEAD SEA is by no means homogeneous. Three-quarters of it is situated north of the Lisan peninsula, where it is really oceanic, with an average depth of 160 m. One-quarter is south of the headland, and has a depth of only 8.5m. This is where Dead Sea Works extracts its potash. The way things are going, it will not be long before the southern portion dries up so thoroughly that it stops being a lake. All that will be seen is an expanse of white marshes.

Of course, the Dead Sea Works is postponing the evil hour, by digging channels to bring water across from the deeper section north of the peninsula. But the sea as a whole must not be allowed to contract, nor is it proper that the historic Jordan River degenerate into a muddy drainage ditch. The ecological damage to the entire region would be intolerable.

This throws a new light on the possibilities of creating hydroelectricity. The reason Herzl's project of a channel from sea to sea was not carried out was its great expense (especially in the days before OPEC, when alternative forms of energy were cheap). It could even be too expensive as a method of keeping up the level of the Dead Sea. But it may not be too impossible expensive now for achieving both these

desirable objectives at one and the same time.

YET WHY carry the water all that distance to the Dead Sea? It involves building a tunnel practically the whole way, through the hilly country south of Jerusalem. In 1970, an engineer named Shlomo Gur suggested a different approach: constructing an open canal, 58 km. long, which feeds the Dead Sea via the Jordan River. No sooner was this suggestion brought up than Israel divided into two schools of thought: those who see the northern project (through the Jezreel Valley) as a life-saver, and those who swear by the southern project.

A committee headed by Prof. Sh. E. Eckstein of Bar-Ilan University published a report in 1975 which found that the southern route is just as good as the northern route for keeping the level of the Dead Sea steady, and both projects would produce around 100 MW of electricity a year.

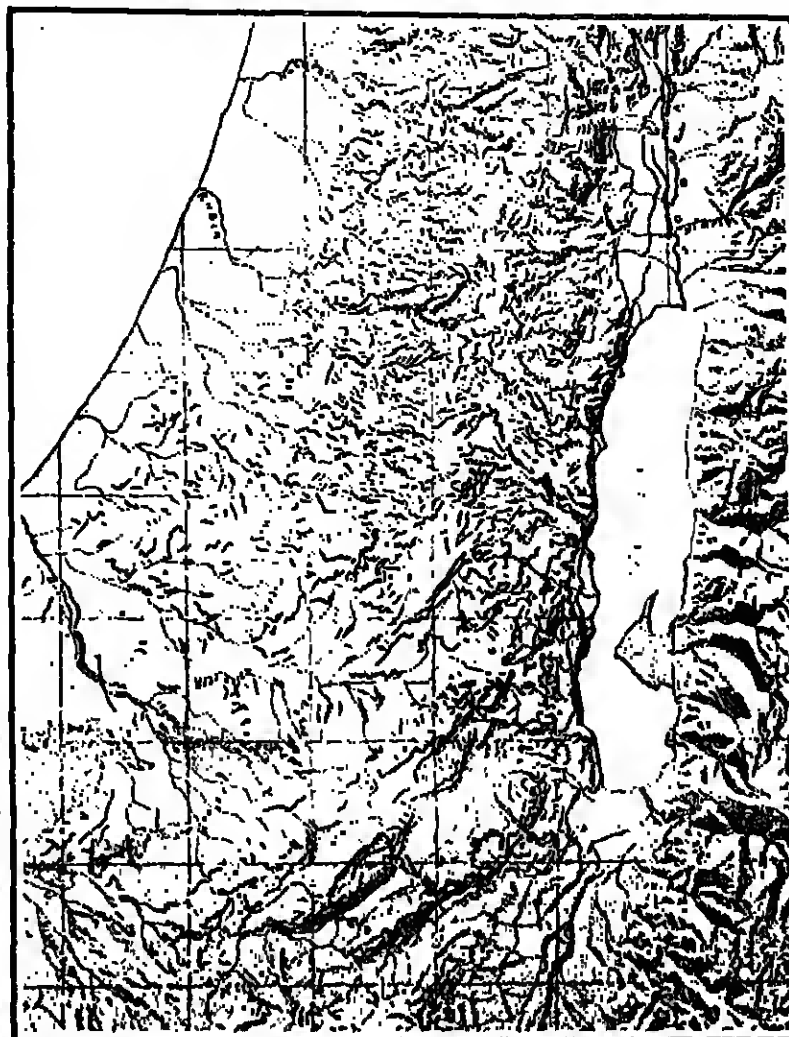
But Gur had a more ambitious idea. Why not pour too much water into the Dead Sea? The effect would be actually to raise the level. After 25 years, the lake would be 100m. higher than it is now, that is, only 300m. below sea level.

It would mean over-flooding the banks. There is nothing wrong with that, Gur avers. The Dead Sea was once, in prehistoric times, the great Lisan Lake, spreading all the way north to cover the Jordan Valley and the whole of what is now Lake Kinneret.

He proposes letting the Dead Sea revert to something approaching its old size. The New

FROM SEA TO SEA

The idea of a canal linking the Mediterranean and Dead Seas has been revived lately. DAVID KRIVINE examines the possible plans for its execution.



Lisan Lake, as he dubs it, will expand from the present 1,000 sq.km. to 1,900 sq.km. Its width will not change much (it is hemmed in by steep hills) but its length, now 80 km., will more than double, to 185 km.

THIS GRAND design can only be accomplished if the authorities opt for the Jezreel canal project in the north. A huge flow of water is required. The tunnel in the south is billed to have a diameter of only 4.5m. To make a bigger one or to bore several tunnels, would cost a fortune.

But it is not, relatively speaking, all that expensive to construct a bigger canal. It would have to be six times more capacious than in the mini-plan, or 80m. wide and 6m. deep. Which opens another alluring prospect: such a conduit could be made navigable by ocean-going ships. Beit Shean would become Israel's first inland container port, large enough to berth cargo vessels.

NEEDLESS to say, if the Dead Sea can really take the massive 140b.cu.m. of extra water over the next two decades, then a great deal more electricity will be generated while this filling-up process is going on. Installed capacity would be not 100 MW, but 700MW — until the New Lisan Lake is full, that is, until its surface rises up to the target figure of 300m. below sea level.

After that, it will be necessary to cut down once more on the inflow of water, so that the sea should get no larger. But it will still be able to take more than under the mini-scheme, because the lake surface will have become twice as large, so evaporation will

be twice as great, and twice as much new water will be needed to replace it. Electricity output will settle down in the long term to a not unimpressive 200 MW, or double the amount contemplated by the Eckstein committee.

And where to put the earth dug out of the canal bed? Gur suggests transferring it by barge or moving belt to a shallow off-shore strip stretching from Haifa to the Bay of Aqaba. This would give the municipality another 40,000 dunams of building land.

The Eckstein report does not address itself to this wider perspective, because the committee will not admit that all the installations on the south shore of the Dead Sea — not only the potash and bromide plants, but the hotels and other amenities — should be submerged under a rising tide, and written off. If the mini-project (of providing no more than 100 MW of electricity) remains the only option, then the southern project has other merits. The Negev is suitable, it is pointed out as an example, for the construction of nuclear power stations. The tunnel could solve the problem of supplying water for the required cooling-towers.

A NUMBER of scholars at Tel Aviv University were not satisfied with this reasoning, and a team was set up under Prof. Ze'ev Hirsch to consider the issue with fresh eyes. They came to the conclusion that the northern project had more to be said for it than the Eckstein committee admitted, and that the whole undertaking deserved to be re-examined.

The panel emphasized several important considerations. The first is that the canal could take 10 years less to build than the tunnel, since digging could go on in several places at one time.

If that is true, it changes the cost-benefit calculations, because the northern project could provide electricity 10 years earlier.

Moreover, the tunnel in the south would take so long to finish that the surface of the lake would drop appreciably in the meantime, which could affect international relations.

The Jordanian government might choose to regard the new lower level of the waters as part of the *status quo*. Any programme to raise the surface of the Dead Sea again would be an innovation which could not be made without their express consent, and this might be denied.

Most startling in the Hirsch report is the device it has conjured up to prevent the devastation of the potash and other installations on the lake shore. It should be possible, the panel says, to lift the surface of the Dead Sea by 100m. without flooding the southern shoreland.

This solution does, its authors admit, require the cooperation of the Jordanian government; which is perhaps no longer entirely out of the question. If the Jordanians showed willing, a huge dam could be built across the narrowest part of the lake, from the western shore to the Jordanian-controlled Lisan peninsula.

This would allow the northern (and larger) part of the lake to be 100m. higher than the southern part. The Israelis would then have the best of both worlds — more electricity at the Beit Shean power station, and no displacement of the facilities on the Dead Sea's southern shore.

A NEW committee, under the same Prof. Eckstein, is re-examining the proposals it considers feasible, and they are in

all: the Jezreel plan, a possible line from Hadera to the Jordan River, and three southern alternatives. Only the mini-options are being studied.

Figures are already available for costs. According to Prof. Arich Lavi, chief scientist in the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, the comparison is as follows (in ILB.; prices date from before the N.E.P.):

	Lowest estimate	Highest estimate
Haifa-Jezreel	4.2	4.8
Valley	4.2	4.8
Ashdod-Ein	4.2	4.8
Be'er-Sheva	4.2	4.8
Batash-Approaches	4.2	4.8
Manasse	4.2	4.8

The southernmost lane is the longest and costliest, but it permits side benefits, because it runs through the Negev. The Negev is an arid zone wide open for the kind of development that a water course might facilitate — industrial, touristic, even agricultural.

THE HIRSCH team hold that the tunnel in the south will be not 20 per cent costlier than the Jezreel canal, but at least double the price. Here is their prediction of comparative outlays:

	Initial electricity output	Cost
Jezreel canal	80MW (10 years)	\$100m.
Southern tunnel	100MW (10 years)	\$250m.
Jezreel macro-project	700MW (25 years)	\$400m.

The panel believe that economics of scale favour the Jezreel macroproject, which seems to offer the largest benefit for the smallest outlay.

Prof. Lavi does not agree. The weak point, in his view, is the dam. He thinks it will be much more expensive to build than people think. And what would happen if the huge dyke were breached? He sees it as a natural target for saboteurs.

In the circumstances, Prof. Lavi is content to preserve the *status quo* on the lake, to prevent it from shrinking, and to gain 100 MW of electric current in the process. (This would be 300 MW at peak hours, or almost 15 per cent of Israel's present total consumption — given that it costs no more to let the water run through the tunnel 24 hours a day. Energy can be stored at night, tripping output during the eight daytime hours.)

WILL PROF. LAVI and the Eckstein committee have the last word? Are the suggestions of Shlomo Gur and the Hirsch panel to be pigeonholed? Not necessarily. The argument is not yet over. Still another committee is in the course of being appointed, on the initiative of deputy minister of finance Yeheskel Flomin.

Headed by the former president of Tel Aviv University, Prof. Yuval Ne'eman, this expert group will take a bolder look at the more challenging possibilities that exist in the Jordan Rift Valley, particularly now that a rapprochement between Israel and her Arab neighbours is on the cards.

The macro-project, it must be said, would open an impressive vista of potential industrial development, in cooperation with the Jordanians, based on a vast supply of electricity over a period of 25 years. That is, if a full-sized, workmanlike, fool-proof dam can be put up at an acceptable cost.

There are a lot of other ifs. All depends on what the various planning exercises yield. At least this can be said: preparations on a serious scale seem — for the first time — to be under way.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVEN

"I BELONGED to those who from infancy cherished the hope of seeing this enchanted city of the Arabian nights as it had been painted for me in the books I had read. When at last the hour arrived and I set foot on the platform of the crowded Cairo station from Port Said, my enthusiasm was worked up to its highest pitch. I was to see for myself the world's Oriental Sweetheart. I was to experience the joy and the strange spell of early morning exploration of this modern Bahel, to drink this cocktail par excellence, this mixture of all races, all classes, and all the idioms of all the tongues."

So wrote Claire Cowell, a young French journalist, in October 1932. The daughter of an English father and a French mother, she had been born in Paris, and had grown up in the French capital. She had become a full-time journalist, working for a French travel magazine, *Le Grande Tourisme*.

"From the time I was a little girl I was fascinated by Egypt — the Sphinx, the Pyramids, Luxor, the story of Cleopatra," recalls Claire de Picciotto, now in her seventies, and a veteran resident of Kiryat Gat. Though she married Barna de Picciotto, an Egyptian Jew with an Italian title, she abhors away the suggestion that she should be addressed as "Iturones."

She nagged and nagged at her editor, urging him to send her to Cairo, so that she could write travel articles from the great Egyptian metropolis. He wasn't interested. Although editor of a travel magazine, he really believed that the world consisted of a certain city on the two banks of the River Seine. He told Claire frankly that she was crazy, and he was not prepared to finance so scatter-brained a venture.

An English uncle, took pity on her, and undertook to repay the paper all the money involved in sending her to Cairo. So she set off, if not with her editor's blessing, at least without his curses.

IN HER CASE it was even better to arrive than to travel hopefully; her romantic passion from afar turned into a deep and abiding love. Everything was even better than she had imagined it could be. The bazaars, the mosques, the antiquities, the coffee houses, the small and narrow streets, the mysterious courtyards. She sat on the terrace of Shepherd's and the Continental-Savoy, watching the world go by: sooner or later, Kipling had written, you met everybody who was anybody at Shepherd's, and she found it to be true.

"Every Thursday night I attended a ball at Mona House, and rubbed shoulders with the elite of Cairo," she recalls. "Or the smart set would meet at Gropi's, to dance and eat wonderful ice cream. We watched horses and camel racing in Heliopolis. There was golf, tennis, swimming, canoeing. No experience is as glamorous as going down the Nile by night in a felucca. And there was the endless sight-seeing. I had a wonderful time."

She was presented to His Majesty King Fuad I, and his son Prince Farnuk, later to become king and then to be deposed. He was to end up a very corpulent playboy, but in those days he seemed to Claire to be a very dashing prince indeed. One of her great memories was attending his wedding.

From all this emerged a special issue of *Le Grande Tourisme* devoted entirely to Egypt. Its contributors included, apart from Claire, such famous writers as Andre Maurois and Maurice



Claire de Picciotto at the Sphinx and climbing pyramid in 1935, and (below) Claire de Picciotto in Kiryat Gat, 40 years later.

Claire de Picciotto's love affair with Cairo began in the 1930's, when she visited the city on the Nile as a young French travel writer. Now, living in Kiryat Gat, she hopes to go back, she tells PHILIP GILLON.



CITY OF HER DREAMS

Matorlinck. There were numerous advertisements, and the issue ran to 100 pages.

BUT THIS EDITOR was still very dubious about Claire's eastern adventure, and his suspicions were confirmed when he and Claire were summoned to the office of the Egyptian ambassador. He went in fear and trembling, certain that there had been complaints about the liberties his

editor had taken with Egypt. Instead the ambassador presented him with a letter of thanks from King Fuad.

She went back to Cairo several times in the thirties, producing numerous articles about the wonders of Egypt. *Le Grande Tourisme* produced several special issues inspired by her. She produced very handsome books for the Egyptian Ministry of Tourism. It was during this period

that she met her future husband. His family, an ancient Italian Jewish one, had gone to Alexandria from Italy, and he was born in Alexandria, where he worked as an agricultural engineer.

They fell in love, but suddenly World War II broke out. It separated them for several years: she was in France throughout the occupation. They met again in Cairo in 1946.

"We found that we were still in

love with each other, and I was more in love than ever with Egypt. But there were difficulties. I was a Christian, he was a Jew. I didn't want to be a baroness, and I've never called myself one. In the end, I gave in. The Chief Rabbi of Cairo converted me, and we got married in 1947."

THEY LIVED IN Egypt on and off throughout the troubled years that followed, but they also travelled for long periods, staying in Paris and England. When the Suez Campaign took place in October, 1956, they were in Egypt. He was ordered to leave the country immediately, stripped of all his possessions. The Egyptian regime of Gamal Abdul Nasser was prepared to allow Claire to remain, because of her services to Egyptian tourism, but she was determined to remain with her husband.

They stayed for a year in France, and then immigrated to Israel. From the plane they were taken straight to a new immigrant town, Kiryat Gat, the much proclaimed capital of the Laodiah region, publicised as "the Manchester of Israel."

At that time I wrote an article, entitled "Miracle in Kiryat Gat," in which I expounded on the glories of a new town arising in what had been a completely empty stretch of lands, infested by jackals and *Jedaysen*, going from the Gaza Strip across to Hebron, or from Hebron to the Gaza Strip. To veteran Israelis it certainly was a miracle that there was any town there at all, but it was really just a tiny hamlet of bleak white apartment blocks set in sand, inhabited by a few thousand people. Its impact on people who had lived in Paris, London and Cairo can be imagined.

"My husband was then 70," Claire recalls. "It was very hard to settle down in our little cottage. The man running Lachish, Levi Argov, was a very good fellow; he tried giving my husband a job organizing the laying out of gardens and the planting of trees. But my husband was used to directing labourers from Egypt, who expected to get orders, and then obeyed them. He tried the same system in Israel, and it just didn't click. So he gave up the job, and devoted himself to our own garden and our own little house."

"The Baron of Kiryat Gat," as he was called, became a local celebrity. He used to stride around the little town, with a walking-stick in his hand, head erect, cutting a very stately and distinguished figure.

"We were very happy, despite the fact that it was such a different life from the one we had known. My husband used to go out shooting with a young gentleman from the local police. But they never shot deer."

"He died 12 years ago. I'm still happy. I've many good friends in Kiryat Gat. But now the dream of my infancy has returned — I want to see Cairo again before I die. My daughter, who lives in Paris — she is married to an astronomer — has written to me, 'Maybe we'll meet soon in your beloved Cairo.' So the wheel has spun full circle for me."

Claire picked up one of her old articles, and reads to me slowly the final paragraph, "Cairo, set like a priceless gem on the banks of the Mighty Nile, holds its enchantment to the last. And, as the visitor tears himself away, he will be full of the old Arab proverb, 'He who has drunk Nile water must return.'"

A word to the wise — drink those waters, spiritually by all means, but don't touch them otherwise. □

THE TAMING OF THE BARD

During their recent visit to Israel, members of the Royal Shakespeare Company gave eight performances, and conducted a workshop for local actors. One of the workshop participants, PHYLLIS GLAZER, reports. Photographs are by ALIZA AUERBACH.



(Above) David Suchet and one of the pupils put their heads together in an exercise. (Centre) Jerusalem Theatre's director, Avital Mooshmakh, tries falling from a chair. (Right) Aliza Rosen.



Participants are arranged on the stage by Royal Shakespeare Company teacher David Suchet.



LAST WEEK I was slapped, punched, kicked in the crotch, and didn't hurt a bit. In fact, I rather enjoyed it. That's because I was participating in a workshop in stage combat, given by a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company visiting Israel.

The group of actors from the company (four are actually former members, one — Estelle Kohler — is still an associate member) arrived on our shores to give a series of eight performances, and conduct a nine-day, 86-hour workshop for actors, directors, and people connected with the theatre.

I arrived on the scene not really sure what to expect. All I knew was that I was to be at the Jerusalem Khan on November 28 at 10 a.m. Apparently I wasn't the only one who was confused.

There was a large number of native English speakers from America, Britain, South Africa and Australia. But the group also included Israeli actors, actresses, directors and theatre lovers: Ilan Rosen, Aliza Rosen, Mikhail

Varshaviak, Neta Plotzki and Rachel Shorr were there. Director Joyce Miller, a longtime Jerusalem resident was also there. The RSC actors looked a little dazed. They held themselves with that stiffness that one associates with the British. It seemed they weren't quite sure what was expected of them either. We were all nervous.

The five-member troupes sat before us. Sebastian Shaw, tall and distinguished, Estelle Kohler — attractive, very professional — and intelligent looking, Bernard Lloyd — "drollly debonaire," and as we were to learn later, incredibly warm and energetic. David Suchet — warm, yet professional right from the start. Bill Homewood slightly more nervous than the others.

The original plan was to work 10 a.m. to noon, and from 12.15 to 2 p.m. every day for nine days. The mini-courses offered were Stage Combat and Movement, Voice Production and Speech and Song, Interpretation of Shakespeare's Roles, and two lectures by Sebastian Shaw, on "The Changing Styles of Classical Acting," and "Adaptation to Different Media."

After a few days something began to click, and, like the storm in King Lear, it built up energy and momentum.

We began each day at 9.45, stretched out on mats on the cold Khan floor, going through a series of warm-up exercises led by David Suchet. The daily repetition of the same exercises gave us a firm base from which to venture forth. Then we divided into groups.

Each group had a turn at learning some of the rudiments of stage combat, as taught by David Suchet. It was explained, must be done with the same kind of care and training as acting. Fights often appear in Shakespeare's plays, and many a soldier has broken a bone or pulled a muscle through lack of concentration.

Also, overcoming the fears associated with stage fighting (fear of falling, fear of getting hit) often helps the actor to overcome

his inhibitions and experiment with his own character.

We learned the forward roll (a somersault), how to slap, kick, pull hair, poke out eyes, fall backwards out of a chair, and punch. We also had fun.

Much of the time during the voice classes was taken up by discussion. But under the patient guidance of Bill Homewood, several people managed to get over their fear of singing and come up with some delightful performances.

Perhaps the most valuable and unusual experience was to be had in the verse classes (Interpretation of Shakespeare's Roles), where we all — regardless of mother tongue — became enraptured with Shakespeare himself. We learned that Shakespeare's stage directions can be found within the text itself. Semi-colons, colons, alliteration — all are significant aids to the actor.

"I had always been taught that verse was to be ignored — that it was to be read as much as possible as prose," Dahlia, an Israeli

actress, told us. Bernard Lloyd suggested that she use the verse instead of ignore it. She read it. It was amazingly more coherent. And she walked around wide-eyed for days. "I understand now. I understand. I love Shakespeare," she told me.

"Israeli actors generally have far less regard for a text than the British," added Aliza Rosen, who is currently starring as Kate in the Cameri production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. "They out or change, sometimes without trying hard enough to understand. I personally learned to have more respect for a text."

Many of the local actors started off afraid that they would be unable to handle the English. As it turned out, "the language didn't matter. It could have been in Chinese," said one Israeli actress. There were certain universal points that were easy to understand.

"I just wish it was longer," and "I feel frustrated — like we've only just started," were common-ly voiced sentiments. □

הכרזה מן האל

ALIYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN קהילה

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time. The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

YOUTH MOVEMENTS IN ISRAEL

Do you ever wonder who those kids are with the shining faces, dressed in khakis, white shirts or various shades of blue? You know, the ones you see bearing torches during Hanukkah at Modlin, doing folk dances around camp fires at historical sights or even visiting the graves of Israel's fallen on Memorial Day. Well, they represent approximately 200,000 youngsters, ages 10-18, who attend one of the 13 major youth movements in Israel (not included in this figure are other smaller independent groups — most of them locally organized and run). In other words 50% of all elementary school pupils and about 43% of the high school students belong to these youth movements.

Youth movements in Israel are a unique phenomenon, having no counterpart in Eastern or Western countries as concerns their character and activities. They are an integral stage of a child's development and education and play an important role in his entering society, developing independence and getting to know the country and appreciating its values. Thus, the youth movement brings children closer to native Israel culture. Consequently, youth will find the youth movements as important aids in their absorption.

Most youth movements are organized systems, conducted on a voluntary basis, including both spare-time activities and ideological education. Some educate their youth towards the realization of pioneering ideals through Nehal and kibbutzim.

The Scouts (Hatzofim) is the

only major non-political movement in Israel. They receive their funds from the Ministry of Education. The other movements have definitive political character, reflecting the political spectrum of the Knesset.

STRUCTURE AND ACTIVITIES OF YOUTH MOVEMENTS

Members attend movement activities twice a week: once during the week (on Tuesday or Wednesday) for 3-4 hours and again on Saturday afternoon. Programmes for boys and girls, either in the same or separate groups, are conducted by a counselor (or group leader), generally a 18-18 year old youth who is a veteran of the movement. These students generally work on a voluntary basis; they take special courses to prepare them for this task.

For each age group there is an older counselor, a movement representative, responsible for all counselors of smaller subgroups. At the apex of the pyramid is the coordinator of the branch or "rosh shevet," an army veteran who is the presiding responsible authority.

Most movements have special uniforms which the members wear when attending group activities. These uniforms differ with each movement.

Trips and Camps: In addition to the twice-weekly meetings which take place throughout the year, children go on trips and to camps during school vacations. These outings are the main attraction for the members. The length of time spent at camp or on trips, as well as the distance from home depends upon

the child's age. In the summer of 1977 some 180,000 children attended summer activities run by youth movements. The Ministry of Health supervises sanitary conditions and the police are responsible for security.

Among the 10-14 year olds emphasis is placed upon scouting activities, love of nature, life in the field, camping, trips and physical fitness, as well as song, dance, arts and crafts and various other group activities. These activities contribute to the development of a strong identification with the land of Israel.

In the 15-18 age group, such activities continue but are supplemented by study sessions devoted to Zionist values and the ideology of the specific movement.

Learning to help: Mutual assistance and aiding the needy and the weak are emphasized in the day-to-day activities of youth movements and are integrated into volunteer work among disadvantaged youth, the handicapped, etc.

Pioneering: Many youth movements teach their members to fulfill the goal of actual settlement on a kibbutz. Initial ties with the kibbutz are formed during the high school years. Each summer, youth attend camps on kibbutzim for periods of two weeks to one month. The daily schedule includes several hours of manual labour, according to one's individual capabilities, plus considerable free time for education programmes, sports, trips, etc. The camp is an exciting and unique experience which was and still is an integral part of the education of a large percentage of Israel's youth.

HOW TO JOIN A YOUTH MOVEMENT

Youth movements may be joined either through school or independently. **School:** According to law, only the (non-political) Scouts may operate officially at schools. Group leaders promote the movement and attempt to recruit new members during civics lessons. In many cases, however, individual school principals will allow counselors of other youth movements to operate within the school framework. **Independently:** Other movements may be joined through word of mouth, friends, family acquaintances or the local community. Movement representatives sometimes visit individual neighbourhoods to recruit members in an informal manner. Nevertheless, most youth generally join the same movement as their friends. You can also obtain information about local branches from the main office of each movement (see addresses below).

RESPONSIBILITY

If a parent wishes to lodge a complaint, the first recourse is to the directorate of the movement itself. If the matter is not dealt with satisfactorily at this level, parents may appeal to the central coordinating body of the Youth Movements Branch of the Ministry of Education, 19 Rishon Yaffo, Jerusalem.

STRUCTURE AND ORGANIZATION OF MOVEMENTS

Most movements have a national and world leadership council which are in close contact with each other. Representatives and group leaders from Israel regularly are sent to the various movements abroad. Groups of Jewish youth from overseas arrive in Israel each summer as guests of the movements in Israel.

The Youth Movements Council

This body coordinates all of Israel's youth movements and is affiliated with the International Organization for Youth Movements, comprised of 84 such groups throughout the world. The Council maintains a number of camps in Israel (e.g. Ramat Yohanan, Kfar Hahoreah, Atlit and Giv'at Ze'ev), which are suitable for long-term camp sessions.

Municipal Authorities

Recently, the Ministry of Education has carried out an intensive campaign to increase consciousness of youth movements among municipal authorities. This programme has borne fruit — today, municipalities offer significant financial aid to such movements and often even involve them in various local activities.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE VARIOUS YOUTH MOVEMENTS

(All figures are approximate)

Beitar — Brit Trumpeldor (4,200 members)

38 King George Street (Box 23039), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 299101 or 288771. Affiliation: World Beitar Organization and the Herut Party. Bnei Akiva (16,000)

17 Rehov Dubnov (Box 20128) Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 258388. Affiliation: World Youth Movement of Hapoel Hamizrachi (Religious Poole Zion Movement). Dror (4,500)

27 Rehov Soutine (Box 16040), Tel. Aviv, Tel. (03) 239435 or 221025. Affiliation: World Youth Movement of Hekibbutz Hameuhad.

Exra — Orthodox Youth Organization of Israel (3,200)
114 Alonby Road (Box 2041), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 823187. Affiliation: Poole Agudat Israel Orthodox

Workers' Organization. Activities for boys and girls are conducted separately.

Norah Hadati Hevrad (11,000)
108 Rishon Yaffo Road (Box 1354), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 224174. Affiliation: Hapoel Hamizrachi (Religious Poole Zion Movement). This movement is designed for working religious youth. It operates a school with vocational training programmes integrated with Torah study, as well as an urban evening high school for youth who work in the day-time.

Hanoor Hevrad Vehelomel Holeumi (8,300)
23 Rehov Sprinkler (Box 7080), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 258351. Affiliation: Labor movement, intended principally for school pupils.

Noar Hazioni (1,700)
38 Rehov King George (Box 23089), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 287375. Affiliation: World Federation of Zionist Youth.

Haehomer Hatzair (12,000)
7 Rehov Gezelel (Box 14089), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 291181/2/3. Affiliation: Hekibbutz Ha'azri Al-Movement.

Hahizadut Hekhalit Shel Hanoor Hevrad Vehelomel — General Federation of Working and Studying Youth (100,000)
91 Rehov Haheshmonaim (Box 303), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 297241. Affiliation: Hatzadut General Federation of Labor. This movement comprises two groups: studying and working youth. The latter group consists of virtually all working youth in the country, serving them both as an employment service and a trade union concerned with the social conditions of members at their places of employment.

Hahizadut Hatzofim V'Hatzofot B'Yisrael — The Israel Scouts Association (20,000)
49 Rehov Lohemai Gallipoli (Box 9023), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 35425 or 37721. The President of Israel serves as president emeritus of the Scouts Association. The Scouts are also the only movement which has Jewish and Arab members serving together.

Maccabi Hatzair (8,500)
88 Rehov Ibn Gvirol (Box 18435), Tel Aviv, Tel. (03) 247829. Affiliation: Maccabi Sports Association; World Maccabi Organization (I.M.S.).

NEW PUBLICATION
Conditions of Employment for
LAWYERS IN ISRAEL
This publication is available free of charge from the Department of Information for Olim, P.O. 818, Jerusalem.

Aviva Marks is one of the few English-speaking actresses to have 'made it' in Israel's Hebrew theatre. She also had a triumph of an entirely different kind recently, which she describes to CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER.

THE RABBI'S DAUGHTER

AVIVA MARKS' acting talents were revealed early in life. At the age of seven she decided to stage a faint in an arithmetic class, and succeeded in fooling everyone, including the family doctor. The exercise achieved two purposes: she was exempted from maths and given poetry books to read instead. When asked at the end of class to tell the others what she had read, she amazed all present by giving long recitals by heart. As a result, Aviva, daughter of an Orthodox rabbi born in Jerusalem, but herself born and brought up in London, got a scholarship to the Itinla Conti acting school and was taken into rep. at the age of 12.

Aviva is now a member of Hahimbah. She recently added another "dimension" to her successful stage career when she represented Israel at "La Donna Ideale" (Ideal woman) contest in Sicily and was crowned runner-up to Miss Italy. She is both amused and slightly apologetic about the whole thing.

"When Hemda Moses of 'Ha'isha' approached me last spring about representing Israel at the contest," she says, "I laughed and told her I was an impossible candidate. I hate competitions. But Mrs. Moses was very persistent, and finally she managed to convince me. I kept telling myself that it was all a long way off, and September might never come."

THERE WERE 25 participants in the contest at Palermo, including representatives of Eastern bloc and Arab countries. Each of the girls was a professional in a particular field — medicine, engineering, and so on — and had to take a series of tests, including general knowledge, child care, cookery, cocktail mixing and flower arrangement.

On the final day of the contest, the participants were required to parade through the streets in national costumes. (Maskit provided Aviva with two long, embroidered dresses for the occasion.)

"When I saw all the flags displayed and couldn't spot ours, I became paranoid," she recalls. "Finally I saw the Israeli flag, being waved by the tiniest boy in the crowd. And when the villagers caught sight of the word Israel on my name tag, they started cheering and shouting 'La balla Madonna — la bellissima — Israel, Israel,' and I just didn't know whether to laugh or cry."

Aviva's prizes as runner-up were a large water-heater, which she immediately donated to the local hospital at Trapani, and a week's holiday in Palermo, which she is giving to a disabled soldier. Now that the contest is over, she notes with relief that it was not un-

dignified, as she had feared, and that both the sponsors and her co-participants were highly congenial.

"But I would never want to do it again — it was far too much of a strain!"

AVIVA first came to Israel at the age of 15 and spent six months on a kibbutz. She describes her teens as highly schizophrenic.

"On the one hand I was deeply involved in Haehomer Hatzair," she says, "caught up in a poetic, romantic Zionist dream. (When I naively asked my modrich why the movement had so few members, he explained that it was 'an elite movement' for a minority.) And on the other hand I was successfully building up a frivolous stage career. At the theatre school I attended, they were thoroughly disapproving about my being a member of a jeans-and-sweatshirt movement, which they felt was just not the thing for a ladylike English actress type."

Aviva applied for admission to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and was accepted at first attempt. She came to Israel a second time, learnt Hebrew, volunteered for Army service (during which she worked as an English teacher), and later acted in an Air Force entertainment troupe. "I began to see that it might be possible to combine a stage career with my Zionist ideals."

Back in England, she found work in television and theatre, playing Nora in *A Doll's House* at the Arts Theatre in London. Then came the tenacious waiting period before the Six Day War. "I called up the Jewish Agency immediately. They asked me to sing at the Hyde Park mass rally and to work with the flood of volunteers who were swamping Rex House with requests to get to Israel. I agreed — on condition that, if war really broke out, they would let me fly to Israel immediately."

Within a few weeks of arriving here in June, 1967, she had been approached by director Leonard Shach and cast in a leading role in *Hay Fever*. People were sceptical, but the critics gave her rave notices. Her Hebrew was already good (she owes her present flawless accent to a grant for coaching she got from the Ministry of Education's Cultural Fund, and to Jascha Katz, "who was the most marvellous teacher"). She is one of a very small number of English-speaking actresses to have broken into the world of Hebrew theatre. In looks, she is a typical British blonde beauty, with blue eyes and a peachy and cream complexion. Behind all this is a girl with a very

friendly, vivacious personality — and no small degree of drive and determination.

SHE HAS NOT been short of work in the 10 years she has been here. She continued with the Cameri, appearing in *A Day in the Life of Joe Byg* and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Her contacts with Hahimbah go back to before the Six Day War, when she did a simultaneous translation for Hahimbah's London production of *The Dybbuk*. When Nisim Aloni was rehearsing his *Gypsies of Jaffa*, he asked Aviva to join the production, and since then she has acted in numerous other Hahimbah plays. She is currently rehearsing for her part as a waitress in Wesker's *The Kitchen* — where some of the domestic virtues she displayed at the recent contest may come in useful.

Despite the fact that she considers herself to have been extremely lucky in her career in Israel, she admits that "it has not been easy. Quite often I felt I was banging my head against a brick wall. Theatre people have always been very nice to me, but there is a certain block against accepting people like me, whose mother tongue is not Hebrew. Although lately there has been a more cosmopolitan trend. In *The Kitchen*, for example, director Omri Nitzan asked all of us to speak in different accents, to capture the international flavour of the play."

Her favourite parts are what she describes as "comedy beyond laughter" — in plays by Chekhov and Pinter. She thinks her most successful roles in Israel were in *Hay Fever* and *How the Other Half Lives* — and that it is no coincidence that both are English plays.

When we met recently in her pleasant Tel Aviv flat, she was busy completing her translation of Klahon's *His Friend at Court*, which she and Heinz Bernard are now presenting in simultaneous translation every week at Hahimbah.

After her recent success at the "Ideal woman" contest, she was invited to appear on *Alal Koteret*. "And the funny thing is that 10 minutes on television brought me more offers than 10 years of hard work in the theatre!"

She has been asked to make her second coast-to-coast celebrity tour for the UJA, and to compare various UJA events in Israel. "But in the final analysis," she says, "it's not really TV spots or travelling or any of the rest that really interests me. The part's the thing — and the play's the thing — and I tell myself that all those good parts I'd love are just around the corner." □



הכרזה מן הארץ

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HIKING THROUGH GALILEE

Solitary day-long rambles through the countryside have long been a major pleasure for WALTER RUBY. Never has he enjoyed one more than a recent excursion in which he clambered up and down the hills of Galilee.



Guard with rifle on shoulder stands on hillside, with Peki'in in the background. The village has a history of continuous Jewish settlement. One Jewish family lives there now, with Druse and Christians.

SOME OF MY HAPPIEST moments in recent years have come on solitary hikes. For me, the best way to escape the frenzy of modern urban life is to take off for two or three days and amble into the countryside. Only on foot, far from the noise of the highways, can you really get close to the soft sounds of nature — the rustle of the wind in the forest, the gurgling of a small brook, the sweet chirping of morning birds.

I have rambled through the pleasant countryside of Wisconsin, the rugged Cascade Mountains in the State of Washington, and the wonderful Norwegian fjord country. But never have I experienced as much hiking pleasure as in Galilee.

The feeling of identity — of walking through a land that has been part of the history of the Jewish people for 3,000 years — undoubtedly plays a part. But more important is the inordinable variety of the land and its people.

During one day's hike, you can visit kibbutzim, Beduin settlements, Druse and Arab villages. There is the immense power of the past all around, in the crumbling ruins and lonely tale. There is the myriads of beauty of the landscape — not as spectacular, it is true, as the Alps, but lovely nonetheless, particularly when viewed from a high place, with range after range of hills in-

ed up in the afternoon sun.

Walking is the best way to capture the essence of Galilee. An elemental mode of transportation is right for what is still, in many places, an elemental, pre-industrial region. With my backpack and walking stick, I feel in touch with the biblical rhythms of the land. I have time to stop and talk to people.

I chat and share my concerns with Beduin shepherds on rocky hillside. In many Arab villages, young men sitting in cafes are curious to find out where I am going, have invited me to sit with them over humus and coffee, and have told me about their lives. Nowhere have I encountered the slightest hostility. Even fiery young Rakah supporters, with whom I have debated the Israeli-Arab issue, have shown me every kindness, as befitting a guest in their village.

I BEGAN my most recent hike one morning early in October. I walked out of Nahariya, and headed down the main road in the direction of Ma'alot. Many hikers say that October is a bad time to walk in Israel because it comes at the end of the dry season; but it is a month of delightfully warm, generally unhumid days, with ripe pomegranates growing everywhere, in profusion.

It takes little more than an hour

to walk from Nahariya to the end of the coastal plain. At the Kibbutz junction, I turn south, and almost immediately, at the memorial for the Palmah fighters in the battle for Western Galilee, I turn east on a small trail, which my map tells me will take me all the way to Tarshiha.

Incidentally, it is essential for the serious hiker to use the government series of 28 topographical maps (Galilee is covered in four), which show every dirt track, no matter how tiny.

The only time these maps are at all difficult to follow is when you trail passes through kibbutz fields or becomes lost in the orange groves. This is what happens to me at Kibbutz. After crawling under a barbed-wire fence, poking my way slowly through a field of thorns and thistles, and confronting a trio of bellicose bulls, I at last find the trail again. It follows the dry river-bed of the Ga'aton creek back into a wadi bounded by steep cliffs.

Although I am walking only a few hundred meters south of the Nahariya-Ma'alot road, the deep, wild wadi is effectively cut off from the outer world, visited by only an occasional shepherd and his flock.

Just below Kibbutz Ga'aton, I come upon the deserted ruins of a superbly preserved castle or for-

tree, completely overgrown with weeds. It takes about 20 minutes before I am able to cut through the thorns to reach what I learn later is an old Turkish fort.

A LITTLE BEYOND this structure, according to the map, I will find three springs, and I look forward to drinking the cold, pure water. When I arrive at the spot, however, I find a shepherd watering his flock in a tiny, brackish watering-hole that is all that is left of the springs. The water is now pumped out to water kibbutz fields. The scarcity of streams and springs in Israel today (and the streams that do exist are usually polluted) detracts somewhat from the joys of the solitary hiker, who is well-advised to carry at least two canteens of water on a day-long outing.

The deeper I get into the wadi, the steeper become the walls that hem me in, and the more beautiful the scenery. Finally, later in the afternoon, I begin the long climb up toward Tarshiha, with the trail twisting alongside a precipice overlooking the wadi below.

Just before dark, I emerge into the rocky uplands, with primitive agricultural furrows ploughed among the boulders. I hurry as the setting sun turns the mountains orange and flecked into the sea far behind me, fearful of tumbling among the boulders after dark. As I am appalled by the govern-

ment of the olive groves of Tarshiha, and, passing the lost rise, see the lights of the village twinkling before me. Ahead lie Me'ilot, friends, dinner and a warm bath. I feel a glorious sense of accomplishment.

IN THE MORNING, my entire body aches so profoundly that it is inconceivable that I will be able to walk at all. But even before I have left Ma'alot with its modernistic apartment blocks giving it the appearance of a fortress in the biblical Galilee landscape, I feel the weariness drop away. I regain my stride as I descend into the Peki'in valley. Once again the weather is perfect — cool, with low humidity. After passing through the moshav of Heson and the tiny Arab hamlet of Antatar (the best pomegranates in Galilee grow here) I arrive in Peki'in at about 10 o'clock.

Peki'in is without question one of the most beautiful villages in Israel. In many ways it resembles an Italian hill-town clinging to the side of a steep mountain. It is full of pleasant little alleys that pass through archways and under overhanging buildings. It is interesting, too, for its diverse population of Druse and Christians and, of course, its one Jewish family.

I am appalled by the govern-

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

EVENING OF JAZZ — With Israeli jazz musicians. (Pergol Pocket Theatre, 84 Bealel, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — "Living-Room Chat." (Hebrew University, Wise Auditorium, Givat Ram campus, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

CHOCOLATE, MENTA, MASTIK — In their new show "The First Night" written by Elad Manor. (Bat Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 8.30 and 11.40)

HAGASHASH HAHIVIM — The comedy trio in a musical programme of political satire. (Belt Hahayal, Wise Auditorium, Givat Ram campus, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

RAVA ALBERSTEIN — Sings songs and plays her guitar. (Tzviya, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Monday at 8 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — Written by Shimon Tsaoli, with Moti Giladi. (Belt Hahayal, Wollmann and Plinku, Saturday at 6 p.m.; Ohel, Beit Arlosoroff, 0 Gellinson, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SHALOM HANOCH — In his show, "A man within himself." (Tzviya, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 8 and 10.30 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — (Tzviya, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

Halfa
GEORGIAN ENSEMBLE — Georgian folk songs, songs and dances (Halfa Auditorium, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns
HAGASHASH HAHIVIM — (Ramot Gan, Orde, tonight at 9.30)

IN A PANIC — (Givatsayim, Hadar, tonight at 8.30)

YONATAN GEFEN — (Rehovot, Wix, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes are at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
OSANO FREE STATE UNIV. CHOIR — English and Hebrew madrigals. Works by Schubert, Bach. Folk music of various South African ethnic groups. (Israel Museum, Saturday)

ISRAEL WOODWIND QUINTET — French music. Pines Galtzman, piano. Works by Debussy, Dukas, Milhaud, Saint-Saens, Bartok, Fauré. (Tzviya Music Centre, Ein Karem. Special bus from King David Hotel at 7.30 p.m.; from Kings Hotel at 7.45 p.m.; from Mt. Herzl at 8 p.m. Return trip assured)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY — Yehuda Yampolsky, conductor. Works by J.S. Bach. (USA), Trumpet; Eli Freud, harpsichord and organ. Works by Haydn, Bach, Albinoni. (International Evangelical Church, 90 Hanukha, Saturday)

ORFÈRE CONCERT — In conjunction with Israel Radio. With the Israeli Trio. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

KIBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Natan Sherriff, conductor. Works by Handel, Sammartini, Rossini, Stravinsky. (Jerusalem Theatre, Saturday)

ISRAEL STRING ENSEMBLE — Moshe Hachshan, conductor. Old and modern music. (Hebrew University, Wise Auditorium, Givat Ram campus, Monday at 1.15 p.m.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Yoram Talmi, conductor; Zvi Zeitlin, violin; Olla Groenemeyer, soprano. Works by Bach, Berg, Mahler. (Jerusalem Theatre, Series 3: Tuesday; Series 4: Wednesday)

Tel Aviv
YUVAL TRIO — Yonathan Zak, piano; Uri Flanka, violin; Simka Heled, cello. Works by

Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Brahms. (Tel Aviv Museum, Saturday)

GAMERAN SINGERS — With the Israeli Kibbutz Choir and the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra. Avner Ilai, conductor; soloists: Robin Wiesel, Capucine, Mira Zekai, Louis Garb, Willy Haparnau. Works by Mozart, Bach. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday)

PIANO RECITAL — Neleka Tadeos plays works by Chopin, Liszt. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

11:11 SERIES — Holon Chamber Orchestra; Den Vogel, conductor; Natasia Tadeos, piano. (Tzviya, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 11:11 a.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Varoujan Kodjian, conductor; Lynn Harrell, cello. Works by Bruckner, Tchaikovsky, Elgar, Stravinsky. (Khan Auditorium, Series 1: Thursday)

Halfa
ISRAEL WOODWIND QUINTET — Details as for Jerusalem. (Belt Hahayal, Saturday)

Other Towns
BEER SHEVA ORCHESTRA — David Epstein, conductor; Moshe Malaky, cello; Sara Puxon-Hayman, piano. Works by Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Beethoven. (Beer Sheva Conservatory, Series 1: Wednesday; Series 2: Thursday)

KIBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Dan Vogel, conductor; Natasia Tadeos, piano. Works by Beethoven, Mahler, Tchaikovsky, Elgar, Stravinsky. (Khan Auditorium, Kugat Blvd., Saturday)

DANCE

BAT DOR DANCE COMPANY — 2 stages (Jasp Pili); Dark Beglia (Antony Tudor); Journey (Dora Heller-Soffer); (Tel Aviv, Hahim's Large Hall, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.); Couples (Rudi Dantsig); Endless (John Butler); 2 stages (Jasp Pili); (Hahim's Large Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

BALIA LOW — Flamenco dancer. With Juan De Dios Miguel and Gera Nao. (Rishpon, Beit Hahayal, tonight; Jerusalem, Khan, opposite Railway Station, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

KIBUTZ DANCE TROUPE — Works choreographed by Gera Hill Egan, Yehudit Arnon, Sara Sughrara. (Ashdod Ya'acov, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

OPERA

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA — Richard Shapp, William Reed, Skelton Pine. (Tel Aviv, Thursday)

LAND OF SMILES — By Lehar. Cast: Walter Plante, Harrison Gykes, Esther Baumel, Margaret Pearlman, Miriam Laron, Pamela Rendi, Mordechai Ben Shachar. (Tel Aviv, Saturday and Sunday, Wednesday; Jerusalem, Shmuni Ha'oma, Wednesday)

THE FRIEND AT COURT — Comedy by Ephraim Kishon. (Hahim's Large Hall, Saturday at 7 and 8.30 p.m.; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN THE PRIME OF HER LIFE — The Khan Theatre's adaptation of the story by S.Y. Agnon. Directed by Michael Govrin. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday)

JERUSALEM SPY STORY — With Rodna Fernholm and Steve Byk. Thriller with Arab-Israeli political background. In English. (Dor Hama'ach, 100 Hayarkon, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)



Members of the Bat Dor dance company, present a varied repertoire this week in Tel Aviv.

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
CHARLIE KACHARIE — By Dani Horowitz. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SUMMER RESIDENTS — Maxim Gorky's play about the gross, vulgar new bourgeoisie of pre-revolutionary Russia, strikes a familiar chord. Well staged under the direction of Nola Chilton. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday)

THEATRE GAMES — Improvisation and in which the technical, behind-the-curtain activities become the centre-stage performance. With Israeli actors and others. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv
ANDORRA — Beer Sheva Theatre's production of the play by Max Frisch. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Thursday)

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter searing story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Saturday)

THE FALL — Albert Camus' play translated and directed by Nita Nital. Produced by the Te'atron. (Belt Hahayal, Saturday and Wednesday)

FOUR WOMEN — A play about four young women in the era of sexual and other liberation of women by English Pam Jones. A production distinguished by poor direction and atrocious acting. (Hahim's Large Hall, Wednesday and Thursday)

GOG AND MAGOG — Playwright Yehoshua Ozboi, director Nola Chilton and a cast of four have a great time in a musical revue about war and peace and all sorts of problems. (Tzviya, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 8.30 and midnight; Thursday at 8 p.m.)

HABARA BETHOUVA — Written by Yehoshua Ozboi. Directed by Eitan Ronen. (Tzviya, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

HIS FRIEND AT COURT — Comedy by Ephraim Kishon. (Hahim's Large Hall, Saturday at 7 and 8.30 p.m.; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

IN THE PRIME OF HER LIFE — The Khan Theatre's adaptation of the story by S.Y. Agnon. Directed by Michael Govrin. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday)

JERUSALEM SPY STORY — With Rodna Fernholm and Steve Byk. Thriller with Arab-Israeli political background. In English. (Dor Hama'ach, 100 Hayarkon, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

THE LOTTERY TICKET — Based on short stories by Chokov and Guy de Maupassant. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

OEIDIPUS — New Hahim Theatre production. (Hahim's Small Hall, Saturday through Tuesday)

SOFT PEOPLE — Play with actors and puppets performed by the "Odol" Theatre group. (The Third Floor, 13 Yafa, Saturday)

SUMMER RESIDENTS — Maxim Gorky's play about the gross, vulgar new bourgeoisie of pre-revolutionary Russia, strikes a familiar chord. Well staged under the direction of Nola Chilton. (Cameo, 101 Pissagoff, Saturday)

THREE HOTMACHES — New play produced by the Khan Theatre. (Cameo, 101 Pissagoff, Thursday at 8.30 and 8.50 p.m.)

WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO GEMMY? — New Cameri production with Hanna Maron, Tiki Dayan, Edna Fikdi. (Cameri, 101 Pissagoff, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Halfa

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II prodigals. Produced by the Te'atron. (Belt Hahayal, Saturday and Sunday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOG AND MAGOG — (Halfa Municipal Theatre, 50 Poverner, Tuesday)

IN THE PRIME OF HER LIFE — (Belt Hahayal, tonight at 8)

THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH — The Halfa Theatre's play about the origin of the holocaust. Tense drama, beautifully staged by Nola Chilton. (Halfa Municipal Theatre, 50 Poverner, Wednesday)

THREE HOTMACHES — (Halfa Municipal Theatre, 50 Poverner, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

ANDORRA — (Beer Sheva, Monday)

CHARLIE KACHARIE — (Beer Sheva, Thursday)

DEEP WATER — Hahim Theatre production by Hillel Miltolpuk. Directed by Amri Nisan. Attempt to enter the lives of a group of youths who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Kiryat Ata, Sunday; Aza, Monday and Tuesday; Kiryat Yam, Wednesday; Rehovot, Thursday)

THE EMIGRANTS — (Beer Sheva, Sunday)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE — Beer Sheva Theatre production of the play by Tennessee Williams. (Beer Sheva, Saturday, Sunday, Wednesday)

GOG AND MAGOG — (Kiryat Shuvai, Saturday)

HAROLD AND MAUD — A young man whose hobby is committing suicide and an 80-year-old lady fall in love in one of the most bizarre plays in the world. (Beer Sheva, Tuesday)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER — Beer Sheva Theatre production of the play by John Osborne. (Beer Sheva, Saturday and Sunday)

THE LOTTERY TICKET — (Rishon LeZion, Beit Hahayal, tonight at 8 and 11)

MARATHON — A tour de force of a play by French playwright Claude Confortes, about three men actually running a marathon race. Under the brilliant direction of Belgian Joaquin Moron, with the Khan's cast of three actually running for about two hours. (Yekud, Matinees, Sunday; Revivim, Wednesday)

SYLVESTER '72 — Halfa Theatre production by Yehoshua Ozboi. The audience returns to see to see father's home after 10 years' absence as well as on the life of a member of the family. (Ashdod, Monday)

FOR CHILDREN

CHICKEN GUM SEEDS — Piny. (Hahayal, Tel Aviv, Wednesday, 50 Poverner, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

KIBUTZ DANCE TROUPE — Works choreographed by Gera Hill Egan, Yehudit Arnon, Sara Sughrara. (Ashdod Ya'acov, Wednesday at 10 a.m.)

LAUREL AND HARDY FILM — (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

LEONARD BERNSTEIN YOUTH CONCERT — "What is classical music?" Samuel Lewis, conductor; Naama Baras, cello. (Rahovot, Wix Auditorium, Tuesday at 6 p.m.; Kiryat Sava, Ynd Lebanon, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

YOUTH CONCERT — Holon Chamber Orchestra conducted by Dan Vogel; Natasia Tadeos, piano. Works by Haydn, Mozart and Schubert. (Holon, Ynd Lebanon, Kugat Blvd., Saturday)

For last-minute changes in times of performance, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

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FOR YOU

HITAH DUT ANAF HAKOL NO'A BE'YISRAEL

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1977

הכרזה מן הארץ

FILMS IN BRIEF

(The films listed below have played recently at Israeli cinemas, and probably will be shown when the theatre shutdown ends.)

THE AFFAIR — Novelistic story of the first love affair of a young woman crippled by polio and a recently-divorced lawyer, not helped by most of the dialogue between them being in menaces and constant giggling from the heroine (Natalie Wood). Otherwise, her acting carries a certain conviction, while director Gilbert Cates steers clear of cheap sentiment and there are a few tender moments. Also stars Robert Wagner.

AIRPORT 77 — Deep sea rescue adventure involving the actual salvaging capabilities of the United States navy. Jack Lemmon in a straight role as the jumbo's captain but with a very poor supporting cast.

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer and Dinno Kooten as Annie Hall.

A BRIDGE TOO FAR — recreates Field Marshal Montgomery's "Operation Market Garden": the airborne capture of six bridges on a major road leading, through Holland, to the industrial heartland of Germany. However, the realism of the action is undermined by an all-star cast which constantly reminds us that we are witnessing a Joseph Levine spoof. We are too lavishly entertained, and too little moved by this film, which could have been a classic reassessment of warfare's tragic dilemmas.

BURNT OFFERINGS — Menacing story about a young couple & their child who rent an isolated country house from a couple of weirdo siblings. Not the kind of summer holiday they had in mind.

C.A.S.H. — (Chemical Air-Spray Holdup). Original title "WHIFFS." Blunt Gould bounding back from M.A.S.H. to whiff nerve gas for U.S. Army bumaz guinea pig experiments. Artificial plot twists Gould's underdog to mastermind of gas attack on ally to sage bank heist. Directed by Ted Post.

CELESTINE — About a man who worships an elusive virgin who lures and seduces him and leads him on in order to achieve her objectives. Humorous and ambiguous in Luis Bunuel's style.

THE DEEP — Based on Peter Benchley's sequel to "Jaws." "The Deep" is rather disappointing. Although the underwater photography is interesting, and there are sequences of real suspense, the story is implausible, and the characterizations thin and two-dimensional. Robert Shaw lends some credibility to the characters all of whom fall neatly into categories of good and evil.

NESTER STREET — Sympathetically depicts the dilemma of State Jews from all over Europe in adapting to the mores of their adoptive country — the U.S. Steven Keats plays the assimilated Jew who has preceded his wife (Carol Kane) and son to America and tries to eradicate his old self by rejecting her.

L'HOMME QUI AIMAIT LES FEMMES — Francois Truffaut's story of Bertrand (Charles Denner), an ordinary man who is an obsessive womanizer. Following from off-air to affair becomes rather monotonous.

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM — Over-sentimental rendering of Hemingway's novel with George C. Scott gazing into the Caribbean horizon between bouts of coping with his life. Claire Bloom injects a touch of much needed fire and depth.

IT'S ALIVE — A monster baby is born to a normal Los Angeles couple; it escapes and terrorizes the city, until the police and the horrid thing's father run it to ground. Dull production but undoubtedly horrifying.

MARATHON MAN — A Jewish student in New York gets entangled in financial and political intrigue centering around a former concentration camp commander. Adapted by William Goldman from his own best-selling book. Directed by John Schlesinger.

RANSOM — Topical story of an arrested kidnapping and political kidnapping in Spain. Complicated, tension-filled plot. Fine acting.

SAVAGE WORLD — Ruthless, brutal, strange diseases, odors. But brutal scenes are toned down by beautiful wildlife photography.

THE TWELVE CHAIRS — Mel Brooks' adventure comedy set in 1927 Russia against a background of post-revolutionary chaos. With Mel Brooks, Ron Moody, Dom DeLuise and others.

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING — Hilarious and immensely successful movie about an Air Force scientist who threatens to blow up the world if the President of the United States does not publicly disclose the contents of a horrifying Vietnam War document.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1977

BETTER RESULTS

הלוח הכפול

ידיעות אחרונות

IN COOPERATION WITH

THE JERUSALEM POST

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MORE EFFICIENT.

הלוח הכפול

ידיעות אחרונות

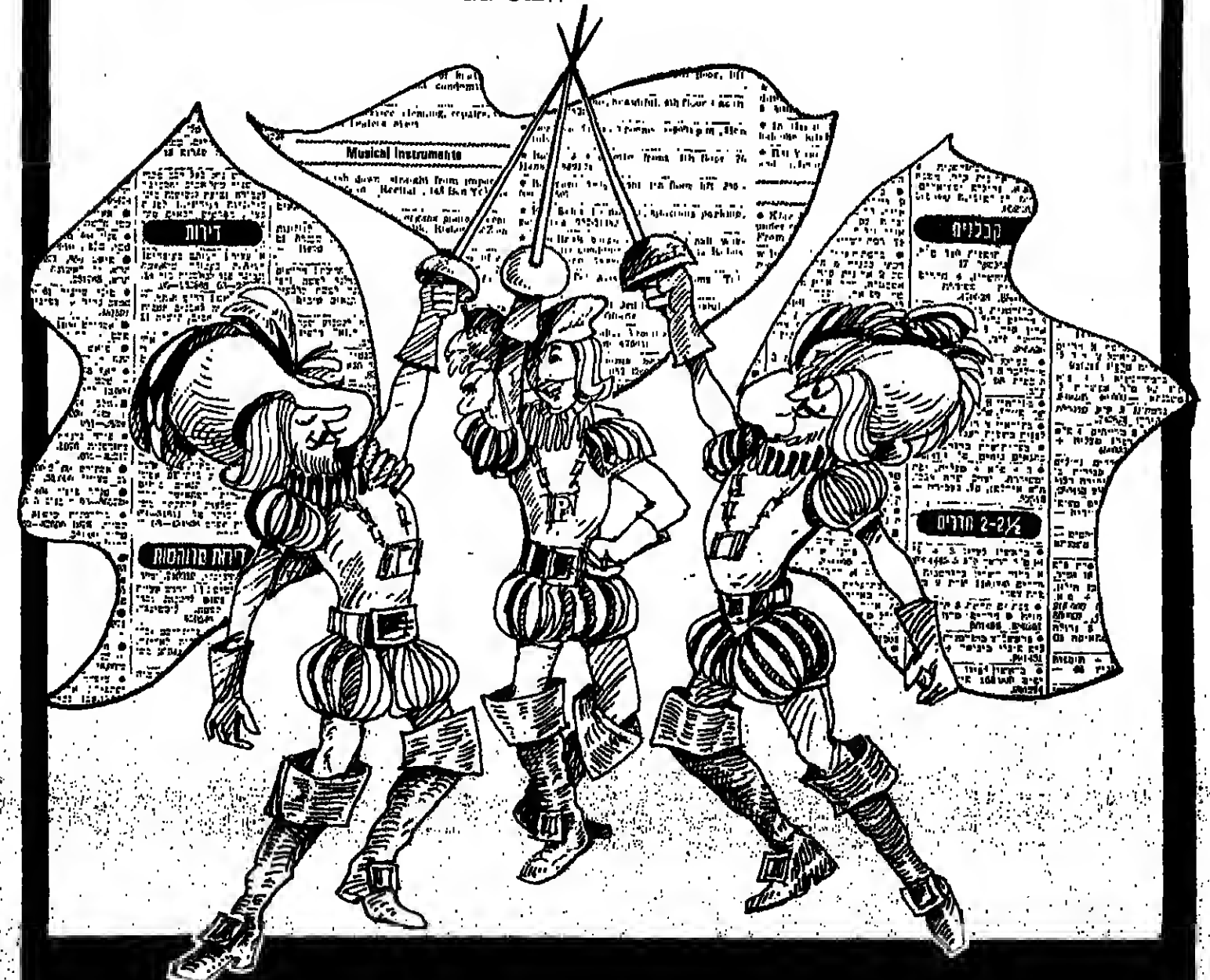
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MORE WIDELY READ,
MORE EFFICIENT.

Classified advertisements for publication on Friday in Hebrew and English can be handed in any day to any approved advertising agency or directly to an office of Haluah Hakaful, so as to reach the main office of Haluah Hakaful by the Wednesday evening preceding publication.

All advertisements so handed in will be translated into English and will appear on Friday in The Jerusalem Post, in addition to publication in Yediot Aharonot and Haaretz!!



THE MIGHTY COMBINATION

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

DECEMBER 16 – DECEMBER 22



WEDNESDAY

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WHAT'S ON

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2. Mt. Scopus Hospital. Tours from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 28. Tel. 511111.
3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects, \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only. Tel. 419355.

Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Buber Building. Buses 9 and 28. School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 35430.
Emmanah — National Religious Women's Organization. Tourist Centre, 28 Rehov Ben Maimon Tel. 02-52100, 35220, 511558.
American Mizrahi Women. Guest Tours — 103 Keren Iluyasod Street, Jerusalem. Tel. 333755.

MISCELLANEOUS
Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood, Homestead. Tel. 514822, 7.30 a.m. — 7 p.m.

Tel Aviv
CONDUCTED TOURS
Emmanah — National Religious Women's Organization. "Karet", 166 Rehov Ha Ge'ulot, Tel. 40141, 75813.
Oseadisa Hadassah-Wise Office, 115 Rehov Hayarkon. Tel. 227060, 9 a.m.-3 p.m.
Pleaser Women — Na'amat. Free morning tours. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 246060, Tel Aviv. ORT Israel. For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 233281, 752291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 531111; ORT Nalanya, Tel. 33744.

ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Homage to Marc Chagall; Johannes Itten: What is a self-portrait exhibition; Ancient Art: Simlial Tora Pings; Our pupils at work; Ligo.

Haifa
Musée Museum and AMLI Library, 23 Rehov Arlosoroff, Tel. 04455, 04455, 04455. — 1 p.m. Friday 10 a.m. — 12 noon. Sun. and Wed. 4 — 7 p.m.

Rehovot
Weizmann Institute of Science — Conducted visits. Sun. to Fri. at 10.30 a.m. starting from the lobby of the Stone Administration Building.

American Mizrahi Women. Guest Tours — Tel Aviv — Tel. 520157, 21305.
Tel Aviv University escorted Tours. For appointment, call Guest Section, 10112071 10-12 a.m.

Haifa
Musée Museum and AMLI Library, 23 Rehov Arlosoroff, Tel. 04455, 04455, 04455. — 1 p.m. Friday 10 a.m. — 12 noon. Sun. and Wed. 4 — 7 p.m.

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AND THE RUGGIES
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Nahmani, Dec. 18, 20, 21
Haifa
First performance
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Tomorrow, Dec. 17, Sun., Dec. 18, Mon., Dec. 19
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Tomorrow, Dec. 17, 7.00 & 9.30 p.m.
Sun., Dec. 18, with simultaneous English translation.
Mon., Dec. 19, 7.00 p.m.
FOUR WOMEN
Jerusalem, tomorrow, Dec. 17
Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
Dec. 17, 18, Beer-Sheva
LOVE BACK IN ANGEL
Dec. 17, 18, Beer-Sheva
ANDREA
Mon., Dec. 19, Beer-Sheva
Dec. 21, 22, Beer-Sheva
HAROLD AND MAUDE
Tue., Dec. 20, Beer-Sheva

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In the soup

BILL OF FARE

SMALL EATING places open and close with amazing regularity in Jerusalem. Many of those which close do so with good reason.

There are exceptions. One singularly successful entrepreneur is Yosef Ofek, former co-owner of the Little Gallery. Esch of his ventures has turned out to be a congenial, friendly place, where one manages to get his money's worth. Doubtless, Yosef's outgoing personality is an important factor here.

His latest eating place is known as the Souperie. It is located on Rehov Bezalel, just opposite the art school. On entering, one finds a large selection of tables and chairs of every conceivable style, presided over by an imposing sideboard.

THE MENU holds a good dozen soups, from vegetable to mushroom to chicken to potato. The range of choices was so large that I suspected and feared the soups might come from packages. My fears were groundless. The

goulash soup I ordered was hot and splotchy, loaded down with potatoes and large chunks of meat.

My companion tried the ox-tail soup, which was a true tour de force, with all the rich flavour one rightfully expects from such a preparation. He had not tasted ox-tail soup in over 20 years, but with his first spoonful the taste came back to him. His soup also was graced with chunks of meat, and ox-tail bone.

WITH THE soup we received a generous serving of garlic bread, and a large bowl of salad. It is probably bubbling, but I was a little less than satisfied with the dressing, a mayonnaise-ketchup mixture known in the U.S. as "Russian dressing." I would have liked something sharper, or perhaps a choice of dressings.

The menu also listed "Doshia with home-made jam." We were too full to try it, but Yosef explained that this is an Indian pancake made with coconut.

The bill, which included a local beer and a soft drink, came to IL75.1

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9.30	Oddie — Australian Cinema
10.12, 7.00	Scarface
9.30	Scarface
10.12, 7.00	The Oracles of Wrath
9.30	Break of Day — Australian Cinema
11.12, 4.00	Robinson Crusoe
9.30	Children's Film
9.30	Family Life
9.30	Summer of Secrets

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Skin deep

SHOP TALK
Catherine Rosenhelmer

THESE DAYS, one of the most overworked adjectives in advertising is "natural" — natural fibres for fashions, natural wood, stone, brick, and, of course, a high trend in natural or health foods and produce, which claim to be free of chemicals, pesticides and so on.

We also have the natural look in skin care and cosmetics (though on closer inspection of the small

print, such products are not always as "home grown" as their labels might lead us to believe). You also argue that "nature's own cosmetics" — the slogan of the KER Natural and Hydrocosmetic Institute (at 18, Kikar Hamedina, Tel Aviv) — are simply the skin's own oils and secretions, the blush put into cheeks by the elements, and the sun's natural tan.

Nonetheless, out of curiosity, I went along to hear from Eve Dror and her mother, Hungerinn-born Rejz, the principle behind their treatments and products.

KER IS NOT a conventional beauty parlor, but a treatment centre for problem skin and skin in need of rejuvenating. The products they use are branded RVA, which they make in their Tel Aviv factory, under a know-how agreement with RVA of Sweden. These

are also sold in health-food shops and selected perfumeries all over the country. All, says Eve, are based on natural herbs and oils — mainly plants, camomile, almonds, sunflower oil, maize oil and wheat-grain oil.

What of the classic milk bath and cucumber eye-pad treatment? Eve explains that the skin is selective; it absorbs certain products, rejects others. Even when working with naturally-grown ingredients, different types of skins need differing proportions.

THEIR FACIAL masks are two different types of vitamin powder, which can be mixed, for example, with yogurt or onomille tea to refresh the skin, with sour cream or 9 per cent fat white cheese for nourishing it, and with yogurt and parsley for treating acne. Eve stresses again how important it is

to follow the formula specifically recommended for one's own skin type, and not to experiment alone.

The two most vital processes, she says, are skin peeling, done gently with plant extracts for all kinds of skin (except for people with sensitive or allergic); and daily nourishing with oil from natural sources massaged into the face.

You do not need to visit the cosmetician every month, she says — a refreshing contradiction of most proprietors of cosmetic salons. Also, "Let the skin breathe, washing it as often as 20 times a day with cold water. A good astringent is vitamin powder with grapefruit juice — again depending on your type of skin."

In treating acne, KER are against the conventional treatments which encourage the skin to dry out, and remove its protective acid secretions. They encourage the acne to come out,

using non-alcoholic face water, and special vitamin formulas.

AS FAR AS their rejuvenating treatments are concerned, they do not accept all would-be clients — it depends on how much elasticity they have in their skin. Some but not all wrinkle cases can be helped, with treatments which include special ice maske and vitamins impregnated into the skin — a combination of home and institute care. A course of treatment, two to four times a week for up to a month, costs around IL800.

As an introductory treatment kit, RVA are selling, over the counter, a pack called "Nature's Seven," including vitamin cream, skin oil, and peeling, maske and vitamin powder. The price is IL80 + VAT — and you should buy the kit suitable for your type of skin and read the detailed instructions very carefully. □

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Two girls in the fields near Peki'in, and a woman with a heavy load on her head walks along a village street. Jews have lived in Peki'in and the area around it since the late Roman period. (Ruby)

ment elgn (in Hebrew and English) toiling the visiting laborer Peki'in's age-old and glorious tradition (parts of the Mishna and the Zohar were written here) and its continuous Jewish occupation, without once mentioning the fact that it is an Arab village. It is as though the entire place existed for its one Jewish family. Not surprisingly, the sign has been defaced and shot through with bullet holes.

Despite my anger at this gross insensitivity, I pay a visit to the Jewish couple, 80-year-old Yosef Zinatti and his wife, Zinatti, who is now barely able to get out of bed, has fascinating stories about the tense days in the late 1930s when he and his wife were among the last to leave the riot-torn village and the glorious day in 1948 when he returned to his home in the wake of the conquering Israeli forces. Zinatti's children have left Peki'in for Nahariya and Ma'at, but he is confident he and his wife will not be the last Jews to live here.

"A group of Bnei Akiva youth are planning to settle here soon," he says. "The 2,000-year-old tradition will not be allowed to die." Zinatti says his relations with his Arab neighbors have been mostly good, although his window was smashed recently by what he suspects were "young Communists." They won't succeed in

driving us out of this village again," he says, his eyes flashing. "We intend to stay here until we die."

FROM PEKI'IN, I climb a narrow path up the steep face of the mountain in the direction of the Druse village, Beit Jann. The higher I get the lovelier becomes the view. I can see from Roeh Hanakra to Haifa and south to the mountains of Samaria.

Near the top of the mountain, my trail peters out among the rock-crested fields, and I have to pick my way resolutely through the underbrush in what I take to be the general direction of Beit Jann. Over another hill, and the signs of agriculture tell me I am drawing near to the village. I meet a shepherd, who drinks some of my water and offers me some figs. To the north, Mt. Meron beckons, topped by futuristic military installations, and beyond it loom the mighty masses of the Hermon and the mountains of southern Lebanon. I find a trail and soon I am approaching the jewel-like mountain village of Beit Jann.

Set among steep, forested hills, and overlooking beautiful valleys full of olive groves and vineyards, the village of Beit Jann seems a thousand miles away from smothering modernity, a suitable Shangri-la with its pastel houses

of green, light blue and pink. A village guard informs me there are problems in paradise: a plant disease blighted much of the grape crop two years ago, forcing many of the men to take seasonal jobs away from the village for much of the year.

It is now lunchtime, and I crave a plate of humus and ful. But like most Arab and Druse villages, Beit Jann has no grocery store, let alone a restaurant, and I am forced to settle for a wretched cold, homemade falafel. Would that I had followed the advice I always give to hikers, and packed a sandwich lunch before setting out in the morning.

I PURSUE MY WAY down a dirt trail that drops dramatically into a deep valley before beginning its rise toward Mt. Meron. It is the loveliest valley I can remember anywhere, with beautiful, camera-shy Druse women harvesting the grape crop. There is no sign here of the modern world; the ecological purity of the valley is unmarred by the gas of a motor highway; there are no telephone poles or electric wires.

Two young girls offer me some grapes, and run away giggling, as though they may somehow be violated by my very presence. A little further on, an old woman is carrying some heavy rocks out of a field; watching her back-

breaking toll makes me realize the price that has to be paid for living in this pre-industrial paradise.

Soon I am climbing again, following a track that someone has thoughtfully marked with red and blue paint at strategic points. This is fortunate, as I would otherwise certainly lose myself among the rock-fields.

AGAIN THE sense of climbing above the world into a mystic realm of green hills and endless sun-bathed vistas. A sudden movement in the brush distracts me, and a wild cat (they call it jungle cat on the Nature Reserve Authority's chart of protected animals) darts away.

I emerge from a pine forest, and find myself directly below the peak of Mt. Meron, with an incredible view of Sefad, Lake Kinneret, Golan and beyond.

I rest my weary body and chat with two aged Beduin who are watering their flocks. They draw the water from a deep well, and pour it in a trough for the sheep. One of them points to the trough and says "mayim," apparently expecting me to drink alongside the sheep. I am nearly out of water, but find myself unable to throw off 27 years of middle-class conditioning. The other grained old man tells me that his memory goes back to the Turkish period.

long before British and Jewish rule. "Let there be peace between Arabs and Jews," he exclaims repeatedly, clasping my hand.

THE FINAL CLIMB to the observation point near the summit of Mt. Meron is a bit of an anticlimax. Suddenly there are campers and picnickers who have driven up from the other side of the mountain, and their presence jars me out of my timeless reveries. The view, however, is marvellous — especially in the direction of Upper Galilee, the Hula, and the Hermon, looming red and maeive in the late afternoon sun.

Last light finds me weaving down the steep mountain trail to Moshav Meron, where I will catch a bus for home. As I enter the modern farming village, built alongside the ruined synagogues of ancient Meron, I reflect on the essential spirituality of this land — and on the danger signs ahead.

In our desire to make Galilee Jewish again, we must be careful not to despoil it. "Judaization of the Galilee" must not be an excuse for uglification of the landscape with sterile apartment blocks and stone quarries, or for pouring raw sewage into the few remaining rivers and streams. Only if we learn to live in harmony with the land will it speak to us as it did to our forefathers. □

هكذا في الأصل

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PAGE FOURTEEN



Members of Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra. In centre, seated wearing a dark shirt, is conductor Noam Sheriff

JOB SATISFACTION

A conductor, a management and a challenge are all necessary elements in keeping talented musicians in the country's orchestras, writes YOHANAN BOEHM.

CONTINUITY of membership is a most important consideration for an orchestra. It is not only the Israel Philharmonic and the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestras who are worried about the turnover of players. Musicians as a class are rather restless folk, and Jewish musicians even more so. Good living and working conditions are essential if people are to stay on the job; but artistic satisfaction is by no means a minor consideration, so that decisive factors in establishing and maintaining a good atmosphere within an orchestra are the attitude of the management and, above all, the personality of the conductor and musical director (usually one and the same person).

One orchestra that does not have such problems is the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra. Founded in 1974 by Noam Sheriff with a selection of the best musicians in the symphony orchestra of the settlement movement. It meets every week in the centre of the country for intensive practice and then gives concerts all over the country. The 20 musicians are mainly occupied with music teaching and, of course, have none of the problems facing their colleagues in the cities as regards livelihood.

Their semi-professional status and their secure situation within their society enable them to make music for their own end and their kibbutz audiences' pleasure, and playing never becomes routine. Their leader, Carmel Saghy (of Kibbutz Bror Hayil), was offered a very attractive job during the orchestra's tour of West Germany in October, and the people who offered it were nonplussed when she showed no interest in leaving the orchestra or her kibbutz.

The kibbutz musicians' appointment for four weeks in the Federal Republic and presented 13 concerts and four radio and television programmes. The daily rehearsals and the concerts, with highly appreciative audiences providing

encouraging feedback, further strengthened the group's enthusiasm, and they have tentative plans to go to the United States in two years' time.



Chamber Orchestra's Barshal

As for artistic satisfaction, the new regime personified in Rudolf Barshal is a terrific challenge to everybody. True, he is a hard, uncompromising taskmaster and demands a great many rehearsals, but he provides constant stimulus for the players.

According to members of the ICO, every musician feels that his potential is extended by this stimulus; there is never a dead moment in the rehearsals. Barshal does not talk much — he prefers to demonstrate on the instruments what he has in mind (he plays them all). He uses English, German, and, of course, Russian, but he is picking up words in Hebrew. The first learned and applied were *savlanut* (patience) and *k'futz* (spring).

This season Mr. Barshal is spending five and a half months with his orchestra and intends to stay even longer next year. No less than 108 concerts are planned for this season — he wanted only 80, but as the ensemble used to get as many as 130, they compromised at this number.

Giving some 20 concerts for the concert circuit means close contact with development areas and different audiences every time. Youth concerts have been postponed until next year, as Mr. Barshal first wants to get to know Israel's young generation a bit better.

One problem apparently is at present insoluble — as Barshal concentrates very much on evolving a homogeneous tone quality and perfect balance between the different sections of the orchestra, every change in personnel is felt immediately. This is virtually unavoidable, as there are almost always some members of the group away on army reserve duty. And stand-ins are felt immediately if they are up to standard, it is not so bad, but if the replacement is inferior, this introduces a jarring note and can upset carefully worked-out performance quite considerably.

Givers and doers

COMMUNITY AND POLITY: The Organizational Dynamics of American Jewry by Daniel J. Elazar. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society. 421 pp. \$12.00.

David Glanz

IN HIS ENCYCLOPAEDIC new work, *Community and Polity*, Prof. Daniel Elazar of Bar-Ilan University leads his readers on a guided tour of the terra incognita of Jewish America. For Elazar, American Jewry is much more than a mass of individuals sharing a common history, religion, or sense of identity. To him, the American Jewish community is an unanticipated, voluntary polity, "a body politic (albeit one of a very special kind), a community formed through the consent of its members, capable of forming associations and acting to pursue and achieve its own goals."

The historical development of this polity and its relationship to its communal base constitute the central themes of this scholarly and commanding study. In addition, the author contends, as the first fully emancipated Jewish community, American Jewish life provides a paradigm for the future of how a Jewish community, confronted with the problems of postmanipulation, can define its goals and achieve them.

The "state" of Jewish America, which is the object of Elazar's magisterial survey, is a loosely-knit mosaic of local and national institutions and organizations, lacking a single governing centre. Structurally, these associations can be categorized in terms of the roles they play within the community: (1) government-like institutions (basically, the 228 local federations which cover the over 800 communities); (2) local institutions (principally synagogues); (3) general-purpose, mass-based organizations (such

as the American Jewish Committee and Congress, Hadassah, and B'nai B'rith; which Elazar sees as functional analogs to political parties); and (4) special-interest groups (the rabbinic and professional associations for example).

Overlaying this communal framework is a functional matrix consisting of five primary spheres of activity: (1) religious-congregational, (2) educational-cultural, (3) community relations, (4) communal welfare, and (5) Israel-overseas.

In Elazar's scheme, it is the communal welfare sector which has undergone the most dramatic changes in the postwar years. Spurred by the growth of fund raising following the Holocaust, Israel's creation, and particularly its subsequent wars in 1967 and 1973, the local federations have become, by virtue of their control over the bulk of the communities' financial resources, the most significant institutions in Jewish communal life.

By assuming community planning functions and reflecting the range of their interests in Jewish survival, they have effectively furthered the increasing integration of the communal welfare, Israel-overseas, and community relations spheres. Consequently, as Elazar notes, the concern for an internal "detente" between the federations and the synagogues is now emerging as one of the central issues on American Jewry's agenda for the future.

ACCORDING to Elazar's analysis, the power structure in most large Jewish communities is one which he described as "a trusteeship of givers and doers." He argues that the leadership in the case of the American Jewish community does not seek personal gain, but rather the good of the Jewish people as a totality. Thus, mass-based organizations (such

tion of the leadership's representativeness, the author maintains "they are representative because there is a certain sameness in American Jewry: their desires, tastes, attitudes, interests, and educational backgrounds probably depart very little from the norm among the majority of American Jews."

What one finds so exceptional about *Community and Polity* is the author's deft handling of the enormous range of issues involved and his impressive capacity to clarify the complexity of his subject. The book's sustained focus on the organizational, structural, historical and political aspects of the American Jewish polity moves its analysis far beyond the conventional wisdom of much earlier sociological literature which has dealt primarily with such issues as institutional religion, the synagogue, Jewish identity, intermarriage, and the like.

Community and Polity's virtues are manifold, and the author's wide-ranging expertise is repeatedly demonstrated in his discussions of such topics as the geography of Jewish settlement in the U.S., the impact of the Christian environment on Jewish religious life, the politics of community leadership and finance, and future trends in Jewish communal organization.

Nevertheless, there are a few irritating flaws in the volume. Some of the chapters are repetitious, having been published previously as independent essays. Also, the book's generally objective tone sometimes seems to lapse into a kind of post hoc celebration of the American Jewish community. But by and large, the author is sensitive to this danger, and one must admit, it is pleasant to read a positive description of American Jewish life after so many recent pessimistic portrayals.

David Glanz is a doctoral candidate in Sociology at Columbia University and currently working in Israel.

Seeing ourselves

JEWISH IDENTITY: A Social Psychological Perspective by Simon N. Herman. New York, Harz Press and Beverly Hills, Sage Publications. 263 pp. (\$14 hardcover) and \$6.95 (soft cover)

Geoffrey Wigoder

MANY A DISCUSSION of "Jewish identity" has been characterized by a failure to distinguish between "identity" and "identification." Jewish identification is the process by which the individual comes to see himself as part of the Jewish group, or the extent to which Jews are prepared to stand up and be counted as Jews. Jewish identity means the nature of their Jewishness and the kind of Jews they are.

Professor Simon Herman of the Hebrew University is probably the leading researcher into the subject of Jewish identity, on which he has produced various books and studies. His new volume is a comprehensive wrap-up, incorporating the conclusions of his earlier works and significant new material, analyses and conclusions.

This time, he seeks a global perspective. Many problems facing a particular Jewish community

can only be comprehended within a universal context. A Jewish entity exists nowhere as a sole ethnic identity; in the Diaspora it must be studied in the setting of the gentile environment and in Israel, within the framework of "Israeliness."

Being Jewish is a variable mixture of religious, national and cultural elements, with different emphases in different communities. In Russia and Argentina, the stress is on peoplehood; in the U.S. it is more on the religious aspect. But even religious identity is not uniform; in Israel observance is the criterion, in the U.S. faith is the crux. In fact, there is much justification for the view quoted by Herman that one should not speak of "Jewish identity" but "Jewish identities."

HERMAN acknowledges that social scientists cannot escape bias and makes no excuse for viewing the subject as a believer in Jewish survival rather than in assimilation. It may be added that he declared bias is also Zionist. A shortcoming of the study is that almost all the field-work has been done in Israel, including the surveys of views of non-Israeli students. He himself makes the point that by the very fact of their

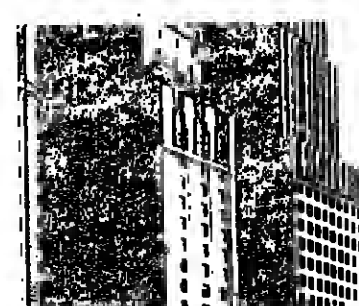
spending some time here, these non-Israelis fall into a special category. Missing is parallel research in depth on, for example, Jewish student bodies in other countries, yordim or Russian drop-outs, the nature of whose identity may fall outside the patterns developed here.

The key to the contrast in the nature of Jewish identity between Israel and the Diaspora lies in the difference between living as a majority and as a minority. But the isolation felt by Jews living as minorities is paralleled by the overall isolation felt by Israelis vis-a-vis the world at large.

Expressions of anti-Semitism on the one hand and anti-Israelism (notably the Six-Day and Yom Kippur Wars and the UN Zionist resolution) make their impact on all Jews and serve to break down barriers within the Jewish people, especially between Israel and the Diaspora.

THE AUTHOR pays particular attention to two aspects of Jewish identity: attitudes to the Holocaust and the Jewish State. He writes that the lapse of three decades has not dimmed the memory of the Holocaust. But his sources here reveal gaps and inevitably there is some dimming from generation to generation.

In Israel, where he could measure reactions, Herman found a continuing strong awareness of the Holocaust, which was almost as high among youngsters of



The Grand Duke of New York

by Dan Pagis

Translated by Robert Friend

Gabriel Preil, the Grand Duke of New York goes down town every day incognito. Disguised in a felt hat that sports a tiny feather he walks among his multitudinous subjects, lending them an enr. The stratagem succeeds. They haven't recognized him now for fifty years.

The skyscrapers erected in his honour at the fringes of Central Park and farther south keep constant watch: Where will he come from? The police horses face every which direction. The squirrels, tails erect, keep asking: Has he come yet? And all the while he has been promenading on Fifth Avenue, counting precious moments in diamond-studded watches, granting pardon to two or three thugs who by mistake mugged him in an alley, and finally arriving at his Hesperidos, a corner coffee-shop, and rests there from his labours. Right away the waitress there lights up, blossoms before this old habitu , who likes to toast her now and then with velvet softness.

But she, of little faith and overtired, turns her attention to the hot-potato, so cannot know he deciphers in his goblet a honied future for her.

Towards evening, the Grand Duke disappears down the subway, crosses the river between brown knives, is swallowed up by an anonymous building block, and locking his palace door behind him, puts on majesty. An amber light glows for him in his glass of Russian tea. Now to make sure the city will go on existing tomorrow, he composes a special night proclamation, which states: *Wrong! Fade beyond the shore and time invites to an easy confabulation.**

* The lines in italics are from a poem by Preil, a New Yorker who has written excellent poetry in Yiddish and in Hebrew. Born in Estonia in 1912, Preil has lived in the U.S. since 1922. He is now on a visit to Israel, where he intends settling and where he will not last be in contact with the people and the living language he has so enriched. R.F.

Oriental as of Ashkenazi origin; but elsewhere it is more doubtful.

Thus, for the USSR, it is not surprising to find a high Holocaust consciousness among those who have left but they constitute only a fraction of the total community of whom it is impossible to speak.

For the U.S., evidence is quoted to show that the reaction to the events of 1967 was linked to a Holocaust consciousness — but we really lack sound information on the Vietnam generation. There is a significant upsurge of interest in Holocaust studies, but these are not widespread enough to permit broad generalization.

Herman sees Zionism as an all-encompassing approach to the problems of the Jewish people. He maintains that the elements of a Zionist ideology are the conviction that the Jews are one people with a common history and destiny. Israel is the Jewish national centre, land and people being inseparable; the Diaspora is precarious, and therefore allya must be the goal; Zionism is a revolution in Jewish life, with implications for all aspects of communal life. The Zionist sees the Jewish State as part of Jewish historical continuity "whose function is to redeem the people."

Inside Israel, discussions of Jewish identity have erred in exaggerating its weakness among the youth. Herman has carried out two very extensive surveys among high-school youth in Israel, one in 1966 and the other in 1974. The comparison provides one of the book's most interesting features.

Jewish identity and identification with Diaspora Jewry increased sharply as a result of the Six Day and Yom Kippur Wars. Suspicion of the non-Jewish world has increased and the students are now more ready to look on the non-Jewish world as anti-Semitic. Although most of the students see themselves as at least as religious as their parents, there is a clear drift away from religion, notably among the younger Oriental Jews (the move occurred in previous generations among the Western Jews). However, Prof. Herman continues to stress the predictable conclusion that religious Jews score more highly when it comes to determining the strength of Jewish identity.

PROF. HERMAN is not merely a social psychologist preening a scholarly exposition. He is also a deeply involved person, whose primary purpose is to determine the practical application of his material.

His main lesson is of the interdependence and mutual responsibility of all components in one Jewish world.

Moreover, even when Israel is seen as the centre, this does not mean that other communities are to be seen just as appendages — they are active partners, needing every encouragement to stimulate a vigorous communal life. □

PAGE FIFTEEN

مكتبة الأصل

NO NOOSE IS GOOD NOOSE



Edith Thompson, the real-life "Julia Starling," and the popular Dr. Crippen.

DOCK BRIEFS/Alex Berlyne

ing for the addresses of these damned places!"

The book deals with a number of notable trials, including lengthy examinations of the controversial 1958 Crig-Bontley murder case and Harold Laski's unfortunate libel action following the 1945 general election. Although Goddard was obliged to find for Laski's opponents he told his brother, Neville Laski (himself a Crown Court judge) that he didn't agree with the findings of the jury, and had always been unhappy about the case. Goddard had helped to secure the recordship of Liverpool for Neville Laski; he was noted for his warmth towards Jews and in fact, resigned in protest from the Garrick Club when a Jewish applicant was rejected for membership.

Despite his reputation as a hard man, Goddard fought a life-long battle for the rights of the ac-

contributed in any way and were obtained in defiance of the Judges' Rules, which require the presence of a parent or guardian when a young person is making a statement to the police. (One of the boys was 14, one was 16 and Collin Lattimore, the 16-year-old retarded one, had a mental age of eight).

In determining the time of Confalt's death, the prosecution's forensic scientist gave evidence which was inaccurate, vague and equivocal, thus destroying the boy's alibi.

The whole sad story is told in *The Confalt Confessions* by Christopher Price and Jonathan Caplan (Marion Boyars, £4.95). Mr. Price, a Labour MP, led a three-year campaign for a retrial and, in 1975, the boys were freed by a Court of Appeal.

The most important question which arises from this frightful miscarriage of justice is, just how did Detective Chief Superintendent Alan Jones manage to elicit confessions from three innocent teenagers? The government set up a commission of enquiry into the matter but it seems fairly clear that the police investigator told the youths, none of them particularly intelligent or particularly law-abiding, that if they signed a confession they could go home. It was as simple as that.

DESPITE ISRAEL TV's repeated advertising of *A Pin To See the Peephole* as the story of "the last woman to be hanged in England," there were five others who suffered this fate after her: in fact, Ruth Ellis, executed by Pierpoint in 1956, earned this rather dubious distinction.

Lawrence Marks and Tony van den Bergh have chronicled her crime and subsequent trial in *Ruth Ellis: A Case of Diminished Responsibility* (MacDonald, and Jane's, £4.45). Ruth Ellis, whose mother, according to the authors, was a Belgian "Catholic Jewess," emptied a revolver into her lover David Blakely, outside a Hampstead public house. One deadly shot was fired at a range of three inches, another bullet lopped the thumb off an indignant lady passer-by.

If Blakely and Ellis had been characters in a novel, I would have said that neither was any great loss. She was a brassy tart whose neglect of her children was

outrageous; he was an unappetizing upper-class layabout, hanging around racing drivers' clubs.

But, unfortunately, they weren't imaginary characters. David Blakely's liver, intestines, lungs, windpipe and aorta were ruptured by lead bullets and Ruth Ellis's slender neck was broken by the hangman after the obscene ritual of being plied and hooded on the gallows' trapdoor.

"IT IS ARGUABLE, even if amoral," MacDonald Hastings once wrote, "that Doctor Crippen provided more popular entertainment by murdering his wife than Harry Tate in his music-hall sketch, 'Motoring'."

Hawley Harvey Crippen, who buried his wife's remains in the cellar of their Holloway house in 1912, is certainly still one of the most popular attractions of Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, even though he was guilty of a fairly run-of-the-mill crime. Why the public is so fond of him is unclear. J.B. Priestly tried to explain this when he wrote, "He must have had something that was not so much meat for the hangman." I must confess to having a soft spot for the pop-eyed, walrus-mustached old miserant and am the proud possessor of a framed colour portrait of Dr. Crippen, courtesy of the waxworks. It hangs in my hall and I usually answer enquiries from interested visitors by telling them that it depicts Berlyne senior.

In his *Crippen: The Mild Murderer* (The Bodley Head, £4.95), Tom Cullen has explored several important aspects of the case, which were never satisfactorily cleared up, including the question of the motive. He demonstrates how badly Crippen's defense was handled, quoting Travers Humphreys, the distinguished jurist, whose opinion it was that in another country Crippen would undoubtedly have been given the benefit of "extenuating circumstances."

Marshall Hall felt that a defence based on an admission of manslaughter would unlikely have succeeded.

Crippen's long list of blunders almost make the case a comedy instead of a tragedy; comedy which turns jet-black when you learn that the mild little doctor filleted his wife's remains.

Reviewer's complaint

THE PROFESSOR OF DESIRE by Philip Roth. New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 283 pp. \$8.95.

Matthew Nesvisky

EVER SINCE 1959, when the 28-year-old Philip Roth burst on the scene with *Goodbye, Columbus* and captured the coveted National Book Award hands down, readers and reviewers have been all agog as to how to respond to the eudaimonic Jewish chronicle of American sexual mores. Now, nine stormy and steamy books later, the dilemma has been resolved: we can safely ignore him.

Certainly on the evidence of his last several books, Roth merits no attention, at least not until he gets his head out from between his legs and returns to the world. It's not that Roth has nothing to say; it's just that he's said it over and over already, and our tolerance for variations on the same theme is bound to wane.

Need we reiterate it? David Kepesh, the hero of *The Professor of Desire*, is the strait-jacketed American Jewish boy — "so neat, so clean, so charming when the occasion arises" — who grows up to be the conscience-ridden intellectual unable to come to terms with his sexuality. He's unable to enjoy fulfillment, he's afraid of happiness, he believes he never understands women and he never understands men — but you've heard all this before. You've read it all, too.

In *Goodbye, Columbus* it was told in the style of the diamond-hord American short-story writer; in *Letting Go* it was the Jamesian extravaganza; in *Portnoy's Complaint* it was the black humorist monologue; in *My Life as a Man* it was the Continental confessional; and now in *The Professor of Desire*, it's a melancholic, meditative Chekhovian tone. In all these and in his Swiftian-Kafkaesque fantasies (*Our Gang*, *The Great American Novel*, and most notably *The Breast*, where, you may recall, current hero David Kepesh is the teacher who turns into a tit), Roth is nothing if not disingenuous about reflecting the courses he's been teaching at all those plummy American universities.

True, Roth shows more maturity now. He's refined the rough edges of his calculated vulgarity and obscenity. His references to Jewishness are almost entirely absent as well. And even though a portion of *The Professor* originally appeared in *Penthouse*, the book actually reads quite mellow.

YET ROTH also seems to have surrendered all of his youthful energies. The novelist who once exhibited the most marvellous ear for dialogue supplies only a few pages of conversation in this book, most of it in a climactic scene between man and ex-wife, and all of it ringing as tinny as a small-town police band.

His inventive humour, which once erupted across his pages like a firecracker string of Neil Simon absurdities, is totally absent here.

What we have instead in a comedy most mannerly and mild: Roth's delicious and finely observed details are also a tiling of the past. The current story, with the single exception of the narrator's visit to Prague, is astonishingly vague, maddeningly thin. All of which makes for a novel that is not only unconvincing, but uninteresting as well.

Can we not hope that Philip Roth has — excuse the image — finally shot his wad over the idio-litid bit and may finally move on to something else? How is it, for example, that Saul Bellow, to whom Roth dedicated his last book in respectful homage, can retrace the same territory in novel after novel and yet produce stories full of exciting new insights?

One can only suspect a major part of the answer lies in how these two American Jewish novelists, so often oddly coupled in criticism, relate to the world. Bellow has always lived in the real world — not only in Academe but in the streets and steam baths of Chicago and the great pitch and moment of marriage and family life. He still does. Roth, however, has been spending virtually all the last decade squirreled away at the Yaddo artist's retreat (pregnant term), on his Connecticut farm, or in brief formal forays into tight little university seminars. So it's not just where his head has been, but where his whole self has been as well, and his removal from the world is all too clearly reflected in this latest sad failure of a novel. □

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THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER OVER THE SEPTIC TANK by Erma Bombeck. London, Magnum Books. 175 pp. with glossary. 75p.

Evelyn Strouse

READING ERMA BOMBECK is like going to bed with a gag writer. A laugh a minute, all right, but when it's all over, you suspect that ideal union hasn't been achieved. She is writing about suburbia, a place, or, to approximate the Bombeck theme, a condition in which I have spent most of my life. Any relationship to suburban living as I know it arises from the elgic fact that it isn't urban living. In other words, you need a car.

Curiously, however, Ms. Bombeck has very little to say about the genus auto, except in one marvellous scene early in the book. The family, with all its belongings, is driving from the city to the vine- and mortgage-covered cottage where all will presumably live out their lives. The trip is enhanced by childlike small-talk:

"Mom! Andy took a bite out of a cookie and put it back. I'm telling."

"You tell about the cookie and I'm telling about your chicken-bone collection."

"Stop the car! That's what we smell."

"Mom! I'm gonna be a lok."

"You are not going to be a lok and that's a final word."

Unfortunately, the book begins with a bang, boding ill for the rest of it. At the inconsiderable risk

since it's already a best-seller, of reducing its volume of sales, I'll let you sample a couple of lines from Chapter I, partly because they're irretrievable and partly because they lay the cornerstone for constructing the whole thing in the first place:

"It was author Thomas Jefferson — or maybe it was John Wayne — who once said, 'Your foot will never get well as long as there's a horse standing on it.'"

THIS IS NOT an irrelevance for the sake of a laugh. What Ms. Bombeck means is that if a family of five is cooped up in a small apartment, with walls to the left and walls to the right and the space grey grins between, the spaces aren't going to get any wider or any opener as time passes.

And she chalks up another cavil against claustrophobia by noting that the rooms are so tiny that one day she yawned, stretched out her arms, and "someone stored the complete works of Dr. Seuss and a pot of African violets on them."

The only solution is the suburbs, there to brave the buffeting of Tupperware parties, PTA meetings, trick-or-treat, homeroom mothers, Little League, and the TV habit. Of these fives, culled from 50 or so, not one is peculiar to suburbia but all are intensified there. It is true that, as compared to getting into a car and driving five or six miles to the movies, watching the Late Show at home is easier, cheaper, and more comfortable when you fall asleep.

In my house, intensive viewing used to be confined to the baseball season, which lasts roughly from

March to October; to Ms. Bombeck's, the season was always open, and her tale of Mr. Bombeck's addiction includes such games as approaching a lawyer to have her husband declared legally dead, and finding it easier at Christmas time to decorate Daddy than move him away from the set.

MS. BOMBECK really comes into her sardonic-spitting own with PTA meetings, where parents and teachers earnestly legislate the habits of the young. Sex is non-controversial: nobody believes in it other than an explanatory or a performing point of view; but the matter of dress — how much or how little — inspires rousing debate. It's clear that the body should be covered, murmurs one woman, her eyes cast down, because "I have always felt that if the good Lord meant for people to go nude, he would never have invented the wicker chair."

Anything added after that one is bound to fall flat, but Ms. Bombeck has hardly gotten into her stride. Epleide connected by epleide, loosely connected by their affect on the Bombeck family, until at last there's nothing left to kid. We come to the end of what is not so much a book as a series of vaudeville epotes, useful, if your one is intensified there, to enliven a dinner-table conversation or provide a cocktail-party gambit. It is, on the whole, however, a handy thing to have around the house, if only as bedside reading for the odd guest or as a refresher course in what the American devotees of 542 syndicated columns are laughing at. □

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Another day, another \$

STORM OVER THE MULTINATIONALS; The Real Issues by Raymond Vernon. Harvard University Press. 286 pp. \$12.50.

James A. Lewin

The "world's largest firms" have divided the globe into production divisions and their greatest problem is the continuing need for raw materials. Vernon justifies the apparent imbalance of the whole structure by showing that the big companies are willing to surrender on many points to developing national interests — if only to maintain the status quo. Accepting with patronizing good humour the basic inequity of the world economy, the professor does his best to be fair: "No existing by the sufficiency of a great power may be the unavoidable lot of smaller countries. But it is not one they can be expected to accept without casting about for some

are the oil companies, leading chemical companies, major electrical-machinery producers, large drug companies and others.

"The average firm of this sort reckons its annual sales in billions of dollars and its annual advertising and research budgets in hundreds of millions of dollars." And these firms have such a wide range of interests that they are capable of financing "a new generation of nuclear reactors... from the profits generated by an old line of dishwashing machines."

Apparently, the author hopes that eventually a truly global coordination may be achieved with a spirit of internationalism over-coming the differences of individual nations. His work is an effort to go behind the polemics of interested parties and to find the true source of strength and weakness in multinational corporations.

Though the years since World War II have been a golden period for them, the multinationals have not succeeded, the author says, in establishing true stability and security among themselves. In-

dustralization has subjected developing nations to "unrelenting huckstering of trivial wares by billboard, radio, and television; inequitable pollution of air and water by some industrial producers... and the endemic use of influence, bribe, and extortion by public figures and private sellers." However, the author maintains hope. Brazil, Mexico, Iran, India and others are rapidly growing, he asserts, and joining the industrialized nations. The price of future accommodation, he says, will be surrender of autonomy and growing interdependence of all nations.

"The multinational enterprise... stands on the barricades with the other questioned symbols of contemporary industrial society." Vernon presents the problem as fairly as he can, but returns finally to his underlying assumption that it is in everyone's interest that this vast international machine should continue to function. His basic loyalties, though not blindly chosen, are to the international businessmen rather than the underprivileged of the earth. □

moans to assert their independence."

Multinational enterprises, the author says, symbolize the United States' hegemony of the world economy. Further, such enterprises are clearly identified with the industrialization process as a whole, which in some places has brought conspicuous consumption to the privileged few amid general poverty, and exposed ordinary people of many countries to the sudden frenzy of commercialism.

WITH the help of the international telephone, the computer and commercial aircraft, multinational enterprises have grown from 17 per cent of U.S. sales of manufactures in 1960 to 32 per cent in 1974. And left-wing elements have focused on the multinationals as a danger to their homeland. "All the elements for a confrontation between two powerful sets of forces seem to be present."

The enterprises in question

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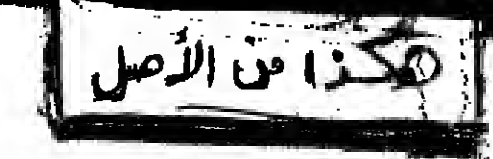
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Unlocking the secrets of colour

Meir Ronnen

JOHANNES ITTEN (1888-1967) was a modernist artist. He was also one of the greatest art teachers of all time. His 12-sided colour wheel is still the best single aid in the teaching of colour. He was a major influence at the Bauhaus, the German school of art and architecture which fathered all modern industrial design, where his fellow teachers were masters like Paul Klee, Wassily Kandinsky, Oskar Schlemmer, Moholy-Nagy, Josef Albers originally his student and Lyonel Feininger.

One of the two inaugural shows at the Israel Museum's new Ruth Rodman Freeman Youth Wing is devoted to Itten's methodology. Part of a permanent didactic exhibition, it has been brought to us courtesy of the Pro Helvetia Foundation and El Al. One section of the show deals with Itten's colour theory, an eventually outlined in his book *The Elements of Colour* (1944) and in his now available condensed version *The Elements of Colour* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, New York). Another section consists of panels of his students' work devoted to various exercises in movement, tone, colour, form and use of texture and textiles.

Itten's colour theory is based on simple observation of the spectrum and the notion that the eye is always pleased by a colour combination that adds up to the sum total of the spectrum: complementary and include that add up to white light or, when physically mixed on the palette, to black or muddy neutralization. Until this day, however, they enhance each other's brilliance. Itten also demonstrated how colours are affected by colour environment and his ideas were reflected in Albers' monumental treatise *The Interaction of Colour*.

Itten had on explanation for everything, but, as he wrote, perhaps wryly: "In musician may know counterpoint and still be a dull composer if he lacks insight and inspiration." His own students were amazed to find that they did produce staggeringly different results even when performing much the same mechanical exercise (as can be seen from some of the panels).

The master himself was anything but a mechanist, despite the highly organized manner in which he developed his

curriculum. In fact he was something of a mystic and was well versed in Oriental religions. He sometimes started his classes with yoga-like exercises and he began the introduction to his book on colour with a quotation from the Vedas. That the man himself was anything but an open book is evident from a moving memoir by Mordecai Ardon (his pupil at the Bauhaus and elsewhere), printed in the handsome colour catalogue produced by the Youth Wing (which is entirely in Hebrew, as Itten's book is readily available here; Ardon's memoir has not been published in English, but the Museum has a typescript translation).

Itten was born in Thun, Switzerland, but studied and worked for many years in Germany. He opened a school in Vienna in 1916 and took 14 of his students to Weimar when the Bauhaus was opened there by Walter Gropius in 1919. He ran his own school in Berlin from 1926 to 1934 and founded a school of textile design in Krefeld. He was director of the famous Zurich Arts and Crafts school from 1938 to 1964. In addition he wrote a book called *Design and Form, the basic course at the Bauhaus* (also Van

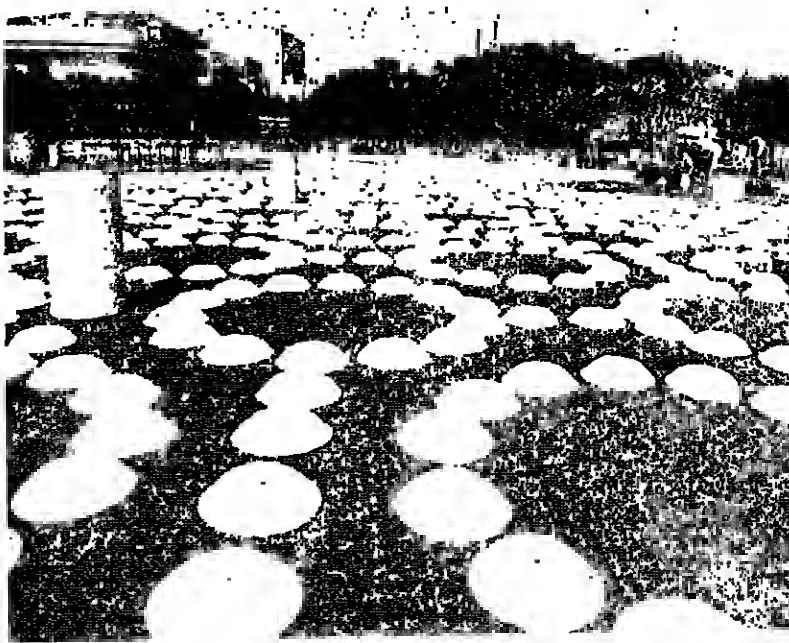


Johannes Itten

(1888-54). This show of small oils, watercolours, drawings and a woodcut gives a fine idea of his work: it begins with a splendid little head from 1907, and includes a superb oil landscape from the 1920s and some still studies from the same period, as well as a later still-life and the woodcut from the 1950s (Engel Gallery, 18 Shlomzion, Jerusalem). Till Dec. 20.

AN AUTUMN SHOW at the Nara Gallery (9 Maimon, J'om) contains a number of oil highlights, notably some vibrant colour lithos by Sonia Gollman, the mother of abstraction and the artist, and some rich, technically amazing colour drawings by Rogier Platteau, also of Paris. Also of note are some sculptures by Constant and n print by Sweden's Nemes. Well worth seeing. □

EXCITING COMPETITION



Helga Dudman

"WHAT I LIKE about Tel Aviv," said the tourist, "is that on Saturday it's so unlike Cairo."

He meant, I supposed, that on our day of rest there is so much less noise and traffic in the centre of town, fewer people amashed inside buses (practically none, in fact), and the air so much more suitable for breathing.

"Still," I retorted patriotically, "we try to keep up our end on the highways. Saturday evenings you can easily find good traffic snarls." But we can't compete with Cairo, I admitted, though we hope this may be just a matter of time and immigration. I added shyly that I had never been to Cairo.

"What?" said the tourist. A look compounded of disbelief and contempt passed across his face, returned, and stayed there. "You must be some rummy journalist. Why am I wasting my time with you?"

Then and there I determined to take him on a little excursion that might be memorable, or at least ahead of the pack. And so, on this Saturday afternoon, I led him down Dizengoff Canyon, now acroting on Rehov Dizengoff at Dizengoff Centre, for a pioneering look at the new Circle.

"Very interesting," said the tourist, when I pointed out the larger-than-life, hand-painted pop-art placards advertising a wide range of cleaning aids lining Dizengoff Canyon. "This we do for the benefit of future generations of archaeologists," I explained.

"Wonderful!" said the tourist. "And what's this? The tombs of future kings?" We were passing the blue-and-white elephant of a huge glistening building in which a store had just opened. At least, blue and white flags were flying outside, most of which had got tangled in the poles.

I explained that this was a place for the workers to shop. It had been moved from its previous location across the circle, an area thickly populated by other shops for the workers to shop in, plus multitudes of banks in which the workers can place their money and securities.

"Say, look at that!" shouted the tourist, and pointed excitedly at one of the display windows, which

featured, among other artefacts, tinned fruit salad from California. "You people are sure going to be able to help the Egyptians with planning and international trade!"

A LITTLE KNOT of natives was standing at the locked entrance to the glistening store — this was Saturday, remember — speaking the native language. "Hey, what are they saying?" asked the tourist. What they were saying was "Busha," "Hefsed shel millionim" and "Mi zarion et zeh."

One especially cosmopolitan native was saying "Skandal," which I was afraid the tourist might catch. I explained that they were happy the city was being developed so, that this area would soon be "a jewel," that we were moving with the times, and wasn't it nice that Flatteaux-Sharon had invested in Dizengoff Centre, together with Mr. Pils. I made a special effort to pronounce it "Flatteaux," to convey extreme Gallico clarity of thinking, agleam with intentions to solve the housing problems of young people, productivity, the purchase of El Al, the purchase of the luxury liner France as a floating casino or possibly as an alternative commercial TV station, and other examples of creative thinking.

The tourist had got loose and was careening up one of the ramps toward the top of the brand new concrete elevation of Dizengoff Circle. Splintery boards still blocked off the various entrances but a few athletic natives had leaped over or through them. So did my tourist, and I huffed along behind.

It was indeed an impressive sight. Spread out below us, as far as the eye could see, were branches of banks and further shops, as well as the balconies of peeling houses and some cinemas. We were also waist-high to several palm trees brought from El-Arish, where they were bored, to enjoy the hustle and bustle of the city.

"Say, are those male or female palms?" asked the tourist, peering at the waist of one of them. Sex-mad, these tourists; but then, the whole world is. I distracted him by pointing out points of interest — the treetsops, which still support flocks of birds to tweet in the Tel Aviv twilight. A seahar car or two roaring along beneath

our very legs now and then. A few bank branches he may have missed.

"A mighty fine pilot plant," the tourist said at last.

Pilot plant? "Why yes, I assume that after this successful experiment you'll now go on and get off the traffic underground. Let's see. If this thing here cost about IL12m, and if the city has about — oh, I dunno — 75 or 80 good challenging intersections, why at a cost of only..."

I INTERRUPTED. Once they get their teeth into statistics, there's no stopping tourists. So I tried the fountain, asking him just to see in his mind's eye the completed project — fountain playing, children playing, grown-ups trying to decide whether to go to the nearest shop or bank, exhaust fumes rising from the underground roads.

"Fountain, schmountain. What's the statue going to be?"

"I haven't heard about any. Feelings have been running too high among our abstract sculptors. Because every time one gets some edifice up somewhere, you've got 55 other disgruntled sculptors. I think they're tapering off on these big jobs, in order to regumt the artists."

"Abstract is for the birdies," said the tourist. "I'm a traditionalist. Also, I'm rich. And I'll tell you what I like." Pause. "What I like is a general on a horse."

I gasped. You don't often get them rich and liking generals on horses. Rich, they start being fair play for every minimalist constructionist who happens by. But not my tourist. "I may not know much about art criticism," he said, "but I know what I like, and what I like are leaders on horseback. With pigeons on their heads. Why not? What's changed so much? This circle may be off the ground, but it's still supposed to have children, and old ladies knitting, and trees, and dogs. Though this pinky gravelly oemont is going to be hard on the dogs..."

"Tell you what," he went on, before I could divert him. "We're going to have a statue here, and I'm starting a contest for it here and now."

With prizes. Now, write this down. Let's see, to save time, we'll just announce the prizes right now. Fifth Prize will go to a design, in terra cotta, of the Deputy Mayor as the Muse of Deficit Spending. I'd prefer a real realistic style, but it'll be frontal minimalist.

"Fourth Prize, Horse seated on Pedestrian, in Bronze. Both will be shown weeping, indicating despair at having been torn from contact with Mother Earth and lifted up to a cement level of consciousness."

Third Prize, General Astride a Car, a kinetic work. And Second Prize, Car Astride General. I'd like it if both were nude, but as I said I'm a fusty old traditionalist, and even though I'm giving the prize money, I don't want to offend others."

And First Prize?

"The Jury is not going to see fit to award any First Prize this year," snapped the tourist. "Though you can be sure it would have richly awarded anybody with the guts to divert traffic from Dizengoff on weekdays too."

"But..."

But the tourist had vanished, leaving only a reluctant agreement to pay, in American taxes, for 90 per cent of the cost of providing 50,000 cars for driving under the Circle daily. □

atrix the hand-care cream with the double action.



ATRIX THE EFFECTIVE HAND-CARE CREAM.

Delights of commercial art

Gil Goldfine

AT WHAT point does the fine art of painting enter into the realm of commercial illustration and vice versa? This question, often asked, is difficult to answer, for in each case the artist employs similar tools, techniques and talents.

Essentially, illustrators and designers are middlemen. They stand between client and consumer, creating pictures and symbols that satisfy the former's marketing needs by influencing the latter. They must catch the public eye through emotionalism, sentimentalism or plain old visual rigtime. For art director and illustrator, maintaining a balance between commerce and art is a serious challenge.

We are currently being rewarded with a large selection of posters, record sleeves, book jackets, letterheads and editorial



Arish Prize: detail of optical piece (Shulamit Gallery, Jaffa).

designs by one of America's foremost graphic illustrators, MILTON GLASER. His creative horsepower, technical versatility and outstanding talent for turning a phrase equips him with all the qualifications needed to forge commercial and artistic links.

Claver and witty, Glaser's portfolio (where original art is hung with printed reprints) projects a duality of seriousness and levity. He always gets to the core of an issue by extracting its essential factors, rendering them with style, appropriate palette, imaginative typography and, above all, excellent draughtsmanship. His conclusions are programmed through the creative process of analysis.

Glaser was born in 1929, attended the Cooper Union Art School in New York City and the Academy of Fine Arts in Bologna, where he studied with Morandi. Together with Seymour Chwast he founded the Push Pin Studio, a familiar name in communication arts circles, synonymous with super-creativity and technical excellence. Glaser is currently associated with the Village Voice and is chairman of the board of New York Magazine.

Some of Glaser's most memorable pieces are on view, notably his record album cover for Dylan, composed of a jet-black silhouette of the ballad singer's profile topped by braid-like arabesques in exotic colours. Also, his large poster for Mahalia Jackson's Easter Sunday Concert is a masterful combination of rich illustration, typography and design, as is the series of onelens posters announcing courses at the School of Visual Arts (for which Glaser used a clever combination of photography, painting and optical copywriting).

Versatility is his strength. His ability to draw in a variety of



Milton Glaser: poster design (Mahalia Jackson Easter Sunday Concert, Tel Aviv).

media is consistently first rate, as may be seen from the figurative black wash drawings on buff paper inspired by Callot and Goya. They are beautifully staged and rendered with confidence. Glaser's elasticity, coupled with a feel for marketing needs, is evident in an opposite showcase where pen and ink line, spangled with a minimum of wash colour, he pulled masterfully to illustrate the covers of paperback books devoted to Shakespeare.

Because of financial limitations and underdeveloped talent in our local ad industry, illustrators such as Glaser are rarely seen here. This show is therefore a special treat and recommended viewing (Holena Rubinstein Pavilion, 8 Tarsat, Tel Aviv, in cooperation with the U.S. Cultural Center).

TRANSPARENT went on wet water-colour surfaces by LAVI ZARFAT are composed of a multitude of chunks, silences and silences, tinted grey, green, ochre and blue. They approximate the best possible order. Spatially, the works are a cross between Ballo and Gorky. On closer observation one discerns tiny oarboat figures and stylized, interspersed among the myriad shapes acting as cellular havens in the galaxy of surface shimmer. Zarfat's

best efforts are those where sharp rays radiate from white spaces and somehow approach descriptions of cyclonic destruction (New Gallery, 83 Rehovot, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 22.

AFTER dissecting the picture plane

Spain and Mexico in Haifa

PEDRO FRIEDEBERG is a Mexican and GUINOVART is a Spaniard. Guinovart's partly embezzled stonings deal with the mechanics of the sexual act and orgasm; but, apart from small, unconnected human members, there is nothing to excite eroticism. The danger lies in reading too much into the various motifs. "We already know Diaghilev" gives the overwhelming impression of a detailed map, weaving lines and contours, shaded areas, realism fashioned into abstraction. Contrasting white areas supply space and a few red and orange lines relieve the monotony of black and white. His most painterly print, an exception in red, yellow, orange and brown, conjures up a sunset landscape. Guinovart's is an extrovert creativity and his high talent grows on the viewer.

On the other hand, the introspective Friedeberg's

into numerous rectangular parts, GIGRA NAGIV proceeds to "walk" around the surfaces with pencil scribbles and incisions, some pure gut abstraction, others leading to semi-figurative gestures of people and trees. Unfortunately, his rigid geometric backgrounds of pastel shades prevent integration with the fluid grey lead line, leaving the spectator with two pictures to look at — one static, the other floating (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

ARIEH WEISS shows optical reliefs constructed from glass rods placed vertically in front of a flat decorated surface. The light refracted through the glass causes the drawn or painted rear panel to oscillate (visually) and change its design. Although Weiss succeeds in creating kinetic illusion, panel after panel of the same thing turns dynamism into saturated boredom. His partner in this two-artist show is MIRIAM BAT-YOSEF. Painted and assembled readymades (Fith Helmet and Chair, Firm and Hand, Mannequin and Clock) are her themes, brushed in neatly fitting, multi-coloured, jigsaw puzzle fashion, they attempt to conjure up surreal, magical or absurd associations but instead just sit there, unaltered and annoyingly unimpressive (Shulamit Gallery, 15 Japhot, Jaffa). □

mysticism is clear only to the initiated. Two itama, recoll astrological almanac, packed with Hebrew, Spanish, and German words and texts, dictionary lists, palmistry, music, a glossary, a formula from Tibetan Buddhism, etc., etc. — useless to try to read them. "We already know Diaghilev" gives the overwhelming impression of a detailed map, weaving lines and contours, shaded areas, realism fashioned into abstraction. Contrasting white areas supply space and a few red and orange lines relieve the monotony of black and white. His most painterly print, an exception in red, yellow, orange and brown, conjures up a sunset landscape. Guinovart's is an extrovert creativity and his high talent grows on the viewer.

On the other hand, the introspective Friedeberg's

H. HARRIS

مكتبة من الأصل

As it became clear that the Arabs were launching a war of terror to prevent the creation of a Jewish state, some Jews decided to strike back in counter-terror operations. The death toll of both Jews and Arabs was heavy. On the other hand, the Jews were determined to maintain normal conditions as long as possible; the law courts kept going, and everyone dreamed of a tourist rush.

JERUSALEM, DECEMBER 8-14, 1947

Column One
By
David Courtney

36 Arabs and 11 Jews killed in 2 days

In the worst spell of violence since the Arab strike, 49 persons were killed and scores more were injured in attacks and counter-attacks this week-end. They were 36 Arabs, 11 Jews, and two British soldiers. The attacks included a "horrible outrage" in which three Jews were shot and burned to death at Lydda, terrorist reprisals in Jerusalem, Jaffa, Et-Tira and Yehudieh, while the Haganah destroyed Arab transport in Ramleh. Six Jews were murdered in the Negev, and four are missing.

Five killed at Damascus Gate

Five Arabs were killed and 47 injured when two bombs, thrown from two speeding cars, exploded among crowds standing near the Damascus Gate bus station in Jerusalem just after noon yesterday. Eyewitnesses, who claimed that the attackers were Jewish, said that the two cars also opened fire with automatic weapons and engaged a Police patrol as they disappeared towards Herod's Gate. The attack is believed to have been carried out by the Irgun Zvai Leumi.

The entire area was thrown into a panic by the explosions, and the street was littered with wounded who were rushed to the Government and French Hospitals in Army and Police trucks and ambulances. The explosions dug 20-centimetre holes in the road, and the walls of nearby buildings were marked by flying shrapnel.

One British Constable was slightly injured by the Arab mob which quickly formed, and the Police took precautions to prevent a reprisal attack on the Jewish Quarter of the Old City. Arab shopkeepers in the vicinity closed down.

Bren-gun used in ambush

Ten Jews were killed and four others were wounded when an Arab gang, lying in ambush between Kilometre 14 and 15 on the Jerusalem-Hebron road, opened fire with automatic weapons and rifles at a convoy of three supply trucks and a J.S.P. escort tender about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Near Kilometre 14, an Arab motorcyclist sped ahead of the vehicles, apparently to announce their approach. A few minutes later heavy fire was directed at the convoy from both sides of the

road. One of the survivors told *The Palestine Post* that he had seen a Bren-gun among the Arab arms. Under the hail of bullets, the passengers jumped into the ditch and the Police engaged the attackers, who were at least 20 in number and were estimated by one of the passengers at about 100.

6,500 Americans offer help

NEW YORK, Tuesday (Reuter). — Some 6,500 Americans, many with Irish names, have volunteered to help the Jews if they are forced to struggle against the Arabs in Palestine, Mr. David Wahl, director of the "Americans For Haganah" declared last night.

The "Americans For Haganah," he added, had no plans for recruiting volunteers, and the development of any plan depended on what happened in Palestine.

End of the mandate confirmed

The Palestine Commission would go to its task with inadequate support for its decision. But, he declared amid cheers: "The decision of the Assembly is regarded by the British Govern-

ment as the decision of international opinion. This is not a grudging acceptance, as has been suggested.

The Colonial Secretary confirmed that Britain intended to withdraw her troops from Palestine by August 1, 1948. "The Mandate will be relinquished some time in advance of the withdrawal," he added, explaining that "the date we have in mind — subject to negotiations with the UN — is May 15."

READERS' LETTERS

The Editor, *The Palestine Post* Sir, — The Chief Justice said today that the Courts would refuse requests for adjournment made because of the dangers of travelling. (Report on Page 3—Ed.P.P.) What His Lordship said from a sheltered spot takes no account of the realities of the situation. After all, people have been killed on the roads, and it has taken convoys many hours to reach Jerusalem from Tel Aviv.

Since I practice in Jerusalem, I recognize with regret that it is not easy for a Tel Aviv advocate to instruct a Jerusalem colleague to undertake a case at short notice, as suggested by the Chief Justice, and in fact several days are needed to impart the details of an action or even hand over the papers.

Today, for example, I wished to travel to Tel Aviv. Apart from risks, I found I would have to stand in a queue for several hours for a conveyance which might or might not go, and then spend the night in Tel Aviv.

I then wished to explain to someone in Tel Aviv why I did not come. I booked an urgent telephone call to Tel Aviv at 8.20 this morning, and was told it would take two and a half hours. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon I cancelled the call.

At the same time, I did receive from Tel Aviv documents sent by a fellow advocate. This envelope was postmarked December 5; it arrived today. It was marked "Express" and "Registered," and 72 miles had been paid for its quick transmission.

It will be seen that it is not so easy for a Tel Aviv lawyer to get an advocate in Jerusalem to take over a case, and this must be decided on at least a week in advance. The unfortunate Tel Aviv lawyer must prophesy whether travelling will be dangerous or not. If he thinks it will, he will instruct a Jerusalem correspondent, and pay him. If he thinks it will not, he risks, on his ability to estimate unknown factors, either his own safety or his client's interests.

JERUSALEM LAWYER
December 8.
(Name and address supplied)

"EPHRAIM," the little woman asked "do you think I'm pretty?" "Yes," I said. "Why?" It turns out she's been brooding over this delicate question since last April. She knows, according to her, that she is nothing special, but still, she has got something. Or would have, she dreads say, if it weren't for those spectacles.

"Men seldom make passes," she tells me, "at girls who wear glasses." She's quoting, of course. She's quoting all the time, especially newspaper ads extolling the greatest invention since the wheel: contact lenses.

They are just the thing for People Who Care: two tiny bits of glass instead of those big clumsy spectacles you've always hated. You simply put them right on your eyeballs and nobody sees a thing, whereas you see everything. It's terrific, it's a real must, particularly for myopic actresses, beauty queens and epistaters.

"This mannequin," the little one's girl-friend tells her, "started on them only four months back and already she's divorced a South American millionaire."

Everybody recommends the Miracles Lane. Don't hide those Lovely Eyes behind a pair of specs. Try it. Buy it.

"I've heard of this optician," says the wife. "You coming too?"

"May?" "Who do you think I want to look pretty for?"

"Me."

WE FOUND some three dozen clients in the optician's waiting room, nearly all of them old hands. Some had got so used to their contact lenses they didn't even know whether they were in or out. That was presumably what they'd come to the optician to find out, because, I mean, what else could have brought them here?

One elderly lens-bearer was showing us all how easy it was. He put the little disc on his fingertip, set and then — now watch — he moved it right into his open eye and — oops! — where is it? It's dropped on the floor! Nobody moved. Nobody moved!

THERE IS a handful of people in Israel, theatrical old-timers, to whom the name David Davidov means something, and this handful gathered recently to commemorate the first anniversary of his death.

When Davidov died, in November, 1976, there was hardly a ripple in the press or elsewhere; he had been a forgotten man for almost half a century.

When about 10 years ago, in the course of research for a book on the history of the Hebrew theatre, I first heard his name mentioned, I was surprised to learn that he was still with us. I discovered him to be a kindly, charming octogenarian, living in obscurity among the mementoes of a bygone era, keeping himself busy with gardening and painting, sending his friends pleasant little water-colours as New Year greetings.

DAVID Davidov has a place in the history of the Hebrew theatre unequalled by anyone, even by the founders of Habimah, whose names the Tel Aviv Municipality recently honoured by naming streets for them. He was the founder of the first Hebrew theatre in Tel Aviv, which means in the country. The Hebrew Theatre of Palestine, was his single-handed creation, and he carried it on his shoulders for about a decade, until, exhausted

by the burden, he handed it over to others. THE STORY of David Davidov takes us back to the years immediately following World War I. When he first came to Tel Aviv, he was then about 10 years old, he was in his 30s and already a veteran of the Yiddish theatre in Europe.

Born in Russia, he was taken as a child to Germany, where he studied acting and music, and then travelled around Europe as a member of Yiddish troupes. After some time in London he went to Kiev, where he joined a company which toured widely throughout Russia, eventually disbanding in Manchuria.

It was then that Davidov started on the long trek that took him, via China, across Asia to Egypt and Palestine. He arrived here penniless, unknown to anyone, innocent of the Hebrew language (which he never fully mastered),

EYEWASH

We seized our chance and moved in to the contact man. He seemed a nice, cheerful young fellow, bursting with faith in the future of the lens.

"It's very simple, really," he explained. "One's eye gradually gets used to the presence of a foreign body in it, and soon it all becomes the most natural thing in the world..."

"Wait a minute," I said. "How soon?"

"Well... that depends..."



Ephraim Kishon

HE THEN carried out a few optician's tests on the wife's eyes and declared them ominously lens-receptive. Next he showed us how to place the disc on the tip of one's finger, and how to remove it again six hours later by pulling the eyelid to one side.

My wife was breathing hard, but there was nothing she wouldn't do for the cause, and a week later, to be sure, she went back and received her very own contact lenses in a sweet little plastic case, for the round sum of IL4,500.

That same evening she started the gradual breaking-in process: on the first day — 15 minutes, on the second — 20, on the third... The third? Forget it.

In other words, it's all a question of staying-power. The wife rinsed her lenses as instructed, placed one of them on the tip of her finger, then pointed it at her right eyeball in a dramatic *J'accuse!*

Then what happens? The nearer

the finger comes the larger it gets — bigger and larger and larger, like in the movies, till in the end it's so huge it's ghastly.

"Ephraim," the wife whispered, "I'm scared of my own finger."

I said never mind, for IL4,500 I'd stick it.

The little one pulled herself together, looked her finger straight in the eye, and — oops! — just as the finger arrived, her glance sheered off and the lens plopped onto the no-man's-land white of her eye. She never was much of a marksman, my wife.

It took the best part of an hour for the lenses to settle into place, but then — oh glory! — No spectacles, but a pair of shining eyes looking at the world in expectant delight.

Naturally there was still some teething trouble, such as the fact that she kept her face turned rigidly skywards like a sunflower, which is a very pretty flower, I don't say it isn't. Also that she couldn't move her eyeballs but kept staring fixedly at a single spot in space. Also that she couldn't blink.

Blink? Any movement whatever, even rubbing her toes, brought on the most excruciating pain in her eyes. The little one therefore sat on a chair like a frozen fish, a prayer in her streaming eyes. "Pass, fifteen minutes, pass!" And they were mercifully past and she quickly removed the lenses.

That's to say, she wanted to remove them, but the orneriness of things was quite happy where they were. The poor woman pulled her eyelids one way, as the young conman had shown her, she pulled them the other way — the lenses only laughed and stayed put.

"Don't just stand there," she cried in a panic. "Do something! Do something!"

I was getting quite flustered myself. She was going through hell for me, after all. I looked

frantically for some useful instruction, but only found a pair of pliers with one plier missing, and her all the time weeping and weeping. "Ouch!" she cried. "Ouch!"

I rang up the hospital. "Help!" I shouted into the phone. "A pair of contact lenses have dropped into my wife's eyes. Come quick!"

"Shucks," replied the hospital. "Go to your optician, mister."

I carried the wife over my shoulder to the car and raced to the optician. He looked at the little beast in one second and told us we hadn't done badly for a first time, and to carry on, carry on. He even presented us with a minuscule rubber suction-pump, something like the gadget you use for unclogging the kitchen sink, only smaller. You plant this little pumpkin on the lens, you get suction, and the rest is child's play.

Good.

WE WENT home, and the poor thing spent the rest of the day bathing her eyes. During the next few days I learnt what a lot of punishment the human eye can take. Every morning my little one would overcome her fear of the dragon finger and bravely insert the beasts.

Then she'd very carefully get up from before the mirror and stagger to my room with her face turned stiffly at the ceiling, glassy eyes brimming over, stand before me, poor fish, and demand girlishly, "Now guess: are they in or aren't they?"

That's because she had read in the advertisements how it's impossible to spot the presence of contact lenses with the naked eye. That's what makes them so popular, see? I'm sure that people who visited us at that stormy time will never forget the sight of my weeping wife drifting through the house like Niobe, all tears, and muttering: "I can't... I can't..."

She grew uglier by the day, too. Her eyes were baggy and swollen, her nose purple with weeping, her shoulders bowed. Really, what that woman went through — the third degree is nothing to it! And the exercise kept getting longer

every day. And afterwards having to rush to the opt to remove the lenses again. Because the pumpkin was a flop. The one and only time she tried it, she planted it on the lens, got suction and — oh! — nearly sucked out the whole eye.

Then there was that dark morning when the little one appeared in my study pale as a ghost and whimpered: "The left lens has got in behind my eye. It's in my head now."

Up to the opt, who said no, a thing like that couldn't happen, the human eye would sealed hermetically in back. She'd probably just lost her lens, like they all did.

The little one insisted, though. "I've searched the whole house," she said. "I know it's in my head!"

She could even hear it rattling inside.

PERSONALLY, I didn't believe her, but was rather inclined to accept the opt's explanation, especially as I'd spotted the lost lens with my own eyes on our bathroom floor and crushed it carefully underfoot.

I therefore took my wife's tormented face between my loving hands and said:

"It's the finger of God. Return to your spectacles, child."

And that was the end of the gradual exorcism. Fifteen minutes on the first day, 20 minutes on the second, specs in a fortnight.

Still, we didn't break all contact with the lenses. Why waste all that effort? So from time to time we show up at parties without any spectacles at all, and announce proudly that we're wearing our lenses now. The effect is tremendous — always provided we don't stumble over the furniture.

People say I'm wonderful, these lenses are quite invisible, and right away ask us for the address of our opt. The wife herself is completely cured and as pretty as ever. I believe she's even grown a bit. □

Translated by Miriam Arad.
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

Forgotten man

THEATRE

Mendel Kohansky

by the burden, he handed it over to others.

THE STORY of David Davidov takes us back to the years immediately following World War I. When he first came to Tel Aviv, he was then about 10 years old, he was in his 30s and already a veteran of the Yiddish theatre in Europe.

Born in Russia, he was taken as a child to Germany, where he studied acting and music, and then travelled around Europe as a member of Yiddish troupes. After some time in London he went to Kiev, where he joined a company which toured widely throughout Russia, eventually disbanding in Manchuria.

It was then that Davidov started on the long trek that took him, via China, across Asia to Egypt and Palestine. He arrived here penniless, unknown to anyone, innocent of the Hebrew language (which he never fully mastered),

but determined to start a Hebrew theatre.

IT WAS a time when everyone in Tel Aviv was starting something, whether it had any chance of success or not. For a theatre, the chances were slim indeed. For one thing, there was not a single person in the town, male or female, who could be called an actor, and there certainly were no designers, costume makers, wigmakers, electricians — all the artists and craftsmen a theatre

needed. Even more important, there was hardly an audience to speak of. With the town's population at about 6,000, the number of persons who could be counted on coming to a show was barely enough to fill a hall for one evening. If they could afford the price of a ticket, the economic situation was disastrous. With unemployment rampant, the culture-starved population was also starving in the literal sense. And there were no public bodies to provide subsidies.

Davidov somehow gathered a few stage-struck young people whose sole claim to professionalism was the absence of any other skill or occupation.

Whatever the failings of the Hebrew Theatre of Palestine — and given the circumstances they were monumental — Davidov aimed high. The repertoire was made up of the finest works of contemporary Yiddish and Russian playwrights (Chekhov was almost a contemporary in those days).

One of the first plays performed was Ibsen's *Doll's House*. Nora, death. □

He began selling tickets for the first show while still rehearsing it. The ticket buyers were mostly shopkeepers, who paid by extending credit for food and clothing. The actors lived in a commune of sorts, sharing even shoes, which were particularly scarce.

THE HISTORIC event took place on November 10, 1920, in the finest place Tel Aviv had to offer in those days, the recently completed Eden Cinema on Littenblum Street (which was still standing about a year ago when it happened to be in the neighbourhood, its shabby facade scarred with posters advertising Turkish movies).

The programme on the opening night of the Hebrew Theatre of Palestine consisted of three one-act plays, by Peretz, Chekhov, and another Russian, Grigory Gey. The manifesto published on the occasion announced that the group's aim was "the creation of a Hebrew art theatre in Palestine."

But by that time, the seeds he had planted were bearing fruit. There were a number of other companies already functioning, with a professional standard considerably higher than his. New people had taken over; there was no longer a place for him. Still in his 40s, he was already a has-been. He remained one until his death. □

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הכרזה האחרונה

WHEN YOU PLAN a meal, or order in a restaurant, do you ever base your decisions on publicistic considerations? If you did, you would choose potatoes over rice, and poultry, including geese and duck, over beef. All rice and much beef is imported, whereas all potatoes and poultry are locally raised.

National economic considerations for eating more potatoes, geese and duck were behind two recent demonstration dinners held for the press. The potato dinner, a dairy meal, was sponsored by the Vegetable Production and Marketing Board, together with Tuva, at Tel Aviv's new Sheraton Hotel. The goose meal, sponsored by the Egg and Poultry Marketing Board, took place at the new Diplomat Hotel nearby.

For most Israelis, the eating of geese is virtually unknown, and the eating of potatoes varies widely with the ethnic background of sectors of the population. Families from the so-called Oriental countries consider rice rather than potatoes as the staple starch, and when they do eat potatoes, it is generally in the form of chips (French fries).

WHEN I STARTED writing this article, I was not set to share my goose cooking experience with readers — in the belief that there would be sizeable quantities of fresh geese available on the local market, even in supermarkets, this month. Then at the last minute, the Poultry Board found a more profitable market in Europe for 113 tons of geese meat which were expected to be unsold surpluses this winter. Force-fattened geese are raised in Israel primarily for the high export value of their enlarged livers. Only a fraction of this liver remains for sale here (mainly to luxury hotels) and it retails for over IL400 a kilo!

Most of the geese meat is also exported to Europe, and 90 per cent of what remains here is sold as smoked meat. (Smoked goose breast is the best kosher substitute for bacon.) The remainder is sold fresh, at semi-wholesale butchers, partly to hotels and restaurants and partly to retail customers.

In the Tel Aviv area, geese is regularly available at two places: Mordechai Ha'ovaz, 21 Rosh HaSharon, near the Central Bus Station (tel. 83769); and at Avaz Yisrael at Aser on the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem highway opposite the Mikev Yisrael Agricultural School (tel. 845330). The current price is about IL25 a kilo. A whole goose weighs nearly four kilos, and when roasted, makes about eight generous portions. Skinless geese is also available, for about 50 per cent more.

If you live south of Tel Aviv, you can buy geese at Hod Avaz in Kiryat Malachi.

The Poultry Board wants to promote duck as a common table meat here also, but first is developing a variety which will be most suitable for the market. Mordechai Ha'ovaz also sells ducks, currently at IL20 a kilo. It has whole turkeys too, at IL22 a kilo. Whole turkeys and ducks are available at many private poulterers, particularly those in and around the open-air markets.

WITH ALL due respect for the efforts of super-chef Micha Noy and the kitchen staff of the Tel Aviv Diplomat to cook geese in a variety of ways, I stick to my opinion that it is a waste to do anything except roast it, skin and all.

In our kitchen, the only bones-

GOOSE AND POTATOES



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

Along with seasoning geese is to spear it hero and there with allivers of gorlio. Then we put it in the oven in a covered roaster for about two hours, periodically pouring off the fat. (The fat keeps for weeks in the refrigerator and can be used for frying, in place of oil or margarine.)

After a couple of hours, it is uncovered and roasted another hour or so, until all parts are crisp. It is easier to handle a goose cut into pieces by the butcher, although a whole goose does look more festive at table.

Sometimes in the second hour of covered roasting, we add whole onions and peeled whole potatoes around the meat.

AND THIS brings me to the second part of this article. Unlike geese, the potato needs no introduction to the local public. However, there are a number of common misconceptions about it. In a recent poll of housewives, 48 per cent said that "potatoes are more fattening than rice," compared with only 8.5 per cent who believed rice to be more fattening.

In fact, weight for weight, plain boiled potatoes contain fewer calories than plain boiled rice. Statistics vary, but the one quoted at the Vegetable Marketing Board press conference gives 80 calories per 100 grams of boiled potato, compared with 110 calories per 100 grams of boiled rice. A calorie chart of mine lists potatoes at 82 calories per ounce and cooked rice at 85 calories per ounce.

There may be two potatoes to this, however. One is that an "average serving" of potatoes may indeed weigh more than an average serving of rice.

Another is that the method of preparation makes a difference. Chips fried in oil may have a calorie count as much as three times that of plain boiled potatoes, and even putting a bit of

margarine or butter on mashed or baked potato makes a difference.

A GREAT DEAL was said at the press luncheon about the nutritional merits of potatoes, and their easy digestibility even for people with dietary restrictions. Contrary to some popular belief, the potato is not merely a lump of starch, but contains some protein and quite a variety of minerals and vitamins A, B and C. Cold storage, we were told, does destroy the vitamin C and lessens the vitamin B, but other food values remain. We also heard that potato is a good source of cellulose fibre, needed as roughage to avoid constipation.

At least some of the goodness in potatoes is in the skins, too often discarded. If you want to eat the skin, the best way is to make oven-baked potatoes. Experts here say the best local potato for baking is the red-skinned "Desire" strain. Be sure to pierce holes in the skin with a fork so that they don't explode.

From the nutritional standpoint it is best to boil potatoes in their skins, even if you are going to discard these after cooking. If you feel you must peel potatoes before boiling, at least save the liquid and add it to soups or sauces. It is even possible to fry or roast small potatoes in their skins, and the results can be very tasty.

ON THE ECONOMIC side, there is something of a paradox in the suggestion that we choose potatoes rather than rice. For the national economy, yes; for our personal pocketbook, not in the present circumstances.

All our rice is entirely imported, and each kilo costs the state some 60 cents in foreign currency. By comparison, the foreign currency component for the local growing of potatoes is a mere three cents a kilo (apparently for fertilizers or

pesticides). Because it takes about 2.5 kilos of potatoes to replace one kilo of raw rice, the saving is closer to 40 cents for every kilo of rice not imported.

For us as consumers, however, it is not such a good bargain. At present, rice is still one of the basic subsidized foodstuffs, while potatoes are not. If we must buy 2.5 kilos of potatoes to replace one kilo of rice, we must pay — at the early December supermarket price of IL4.40 — IL11 for that quantity of potatoes, compared with a mere IL4.10 including VAT for a kilo of rice.

Eventually, the subsidy on rice is to be lowered, if not removed altogether. But the latter suggestion is a politically touchy point, because rice is a staple food for much of the disadvantaged population.

AT THIS TIME of year, mid-December, we are just entering one of the seasons when we have potatoes fresh from the field ("new" potatoes) rather than out of cold storage. The winter harvest season lasts until mid-March, and then we have fresh potatoes again from early May until mid-August.

You can usually identify new potatoes by the appearance of their skin. They have a healthy sheen, and fewer blemishes than those out of storage. The cold storage potatoes sometimes get a sweetish flavour because of the conversion of starch to sugar. Improved storage conditions are expected to prevent this sweetening in future.

There are two main strains of potato raised in Israel today — the red-skinned variety called Desire, which are slightly yellowish inside, and the brown-skinned Bianca, which have whiter flesh. There is no difference in their price. At the open-air markets, small-sized potatoes (good for boiling in their jackets) generally sell cheaper than large potatoes, and new potatoes cost more than old. At the supermarkets, they are generally all one price. Supermarket potatoes often tend to be in poor condition by the time they are offered to the consumer, probably due to improper storage and handling. Those at open-air markets may cost a few agorot more a kilo, but at least they look appetizing.

Tnuva's Hypermarket in Rishon LeZion has pioneered in selling good quality potatoes in large economy sacks — at IL4.20 a kilo when the supermarket price was IL4.40, and the Carmel Market price IL4.50.

There are some plans afoot to try marketing pre-peeled potatoes in supermarkets and other retail shops. Personally, I would not favour this, as it is bound to increase the price while inevitably lowering the nutritional value.

It takes me no more than five minutes to peel a kilo of potatoes, though I admit I am not overly precise about removing every speck of peel. The sale of frozen potato products is on the rise in Israel. Here again, I have never found a frozen chip up to the standard of those made at home from scratch.

My seven-year-old learned to peel and grate potatoes in a classroom lesson on making latkes for Hanukkah. Perhaps this early education in potato cuisine will help raise the national consciousness of home-grown potato eating over the competing imported rice. At any rate, I can employ her services in the making of the weekend kugel (potato pudding). □

For some, the best part of bone soup is in the bones. There is no delicacy more satisfying than a good bone soup on which to gnaw. The others will have to be satisfied with the broth, which may be served as it is or with fine noodles. □

Bone's a bonus

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

GONE ARE THE DAYS when you could go to the butcher, make your purchases and then ask for — and get — a nice soup bone.

The quality of the bone would depend on such factors as how good a customer you were and whether the butcher liked you. Some butchers would hide the best



bones, those full of marrow, under the counter, to be distributed surreptitiously to those they specially favoured.

But bones are no longer given out like gold stars to good children. They cost cold cash. This is bad news for the housewife who places her order week after week with the same butcher.

But for someone like me, who hops from butcher to butcher, and who goes for weeks at a time without buying meat at all, it is very good news. The bones are now available for the bad boys as well. All you need is money, and not very much at that.

If you have a choice, the best bones are those whose surface is marred by bits of fibre and cartilage. While the knobby end pieces probably give more flavour to the soup, there are those who prefer the cylindrical centre pieces, which contain more marrow.

TO PREPARE a soup from bones, wash about half a kilo or more of bones and put them in a pot half filled with cold water. Bring to a boil, and skim the froth off the surface.

Then add a few peeled carrots, the leafy part of a bunch of celery and a few peeled onions, with a clove stuck into one of them. A turnip is another excellent addition. Season with a bay leaf and a pinch of thyme.

Allow the soup to simmer for at least two hours. Add salt to taste and cook for another ten minutes or so. If you are fussy, you will probably want to remove the vegetables, which you may do with a slotted spoon. If you have time, you may want to cool the soup to facilitate removing the fat.

For some, the best part of bone soup is in the bones. There is no delicacy more satisfying than a good bone soup on which to gnaw.

The others will have to be satisfied with the broth, which may be served as it is or with fine noodles. □

The Weekend Dry Bones

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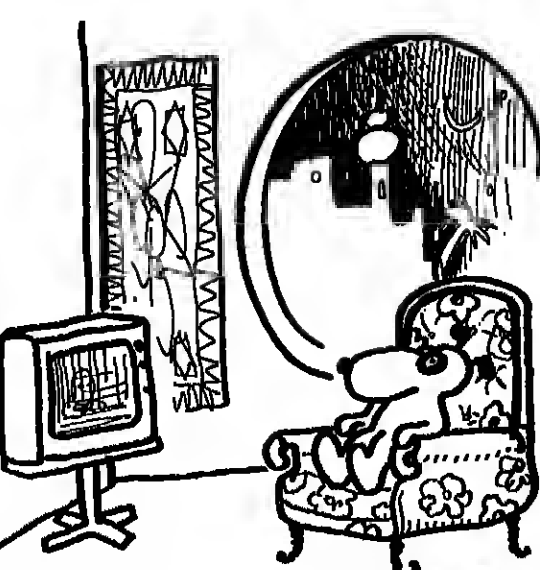


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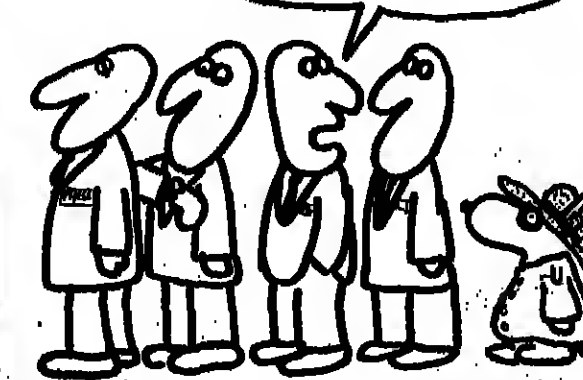


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